ILYA EHRENBOURG: Is Europe a Success?

new Masses

AUGUST 25, 1936

15c

15 Leading Jews Marked for Death!

Says the Pogrom Chief

By MICHAEL HALE

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We

have received a warm response from many readers to our previous requests in this matter, but we must make it again, for we have reached our limit. From political prisoners, from unpaid workers in the labor movement who cannot afford the price, from workers' schools all over the country, which find it a hard enough struggle to pay the rent, calls come to NEW MASSES for gift subscriptions.

We have made these gifts but we cannot afford to add to a list that already burdens our resources. Yet, it is there that NEW MASSES is vitally needed. For many political prisoners, NEW MASSES is the only way by which they can maintain contact with the revolutionary movement. For the worker in the labor movement, NEW MASSES has proved to be a valuable tool for recruiting and organizing. In the workers' schools, NEW MASSES has often proved the most popular and appealing literature for workers making their first approach to the militant labor movement.

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New Masses

AUGUST 25, 1936

Another Retreat

THE Administration's tax announcement of a few days ago was one of those periodic surrenders to reaction which bear out the Communist warning: "Roosevelt compromises. He grants but small concessions to the working people, while making big concessions to Hearst, to Wall Street, to the reactionaries."

It is always good politics to promise a reduction of taxes, particularly in an election year. But with due allowance for campaign strategy, the President's talk about balancing the budget is a glaring revelation of his tendency to curry favor with the powers of the Right.

The Democratic press pretends to believe that improved business, with correspondingly mounting revenues, makes a balanced budget possible in the near future—adding, of course, that such an improvement should also bring a reduction in "emergency expenditures." The Republican papers, which for months have been howling for a balanced budget, turn savagely on the President at the prospect of having their chief gun spiked. They openly accuse Roosevelt of lying, because he promises a balanced budget without specifically promising to cut relief.

Whatever Mr. Morgenthau may say, a balanced budget coupled with reduced taxes, or even at present tax rates, can mean only one thing: less government money for relief. Republicans do not in the least mind cutting relief, and they are furious when Roosevelt pretends he will not have to in order to balance the budget without an increase in taxes.

Dorothy Thompson, writing in the New York *Herald Tribune,* stated categorically last week that the Communists "have put up Earl Browder as their candidate, but most of them will vote for Roosevelt." Miss Thompson has been misinformed. Communists, too, want a balanced budget, but not at the cost of human suffering. "The rich hold the wealth of our country," says the Communist platform. "Make the rich pay." This is just what the President is not prepared to do.

News Item: "The American League Against War and Fascism will hold an anti-war parade August 22."

Bonnicksen

Milk and Profits

THREE economic groups have a vital interest in the decision on milk prices rendered last week by the New York State Division of Milk Control. Dairy farmers, forced to pay ever-increasing feed prices because of the drought, are faced with ruin unless they can command a higher price for their milk. The big distributors, such as Borden and Sheffield, do not mind paying the farmers more as long as they can safeguard their high profits by collecting more from the storekeeper and the individual customer. To thousands of consumers, especially where unemployment is heaviest, even the smallest increase in the price of milk would be disastrous.

The decision signed by State Commissioner of Agriculture Ten Eyck looks suspiciously like a Pyrrhic victory for the consumer and practically no victory at all for the farmer. The militant New York Milk Producers' Federation demanded $3.00 per hundred pounds of fluid milk. The price set by Ten Eyck is $2.70, or 25 cents more than the farmers have been getting. They assert, convincingly, that they cannot produce milk for what they will get out of the 25-cent increase, and they are going ahead with plans for a major strike.

Refusal of the Commissioner to order a raise in the retail price of milk might at least have been a victory for the consumer but for two disturbing factors. First, the Commissioner is empowered to regulate only the minimum price. In other words, by his de-

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cision he does not compel dealers to charge the consumer more, but there is nothing to prevent a rise in price if the great milk companies decide to pass along the increase granted to the farmers. And second, the decision not to raise that minimum appears to be merely a sop to consumers in the face of Commissioner Ten Eyck's assurance that "If still another increase in the producer price becomes necessary in the fall, consumers undoubtedly will be required to pay more for their milk."

New York City's Commissioner of Health, Dr. John L. Rice, pointed to the solution when he urged that the increase to the farmers be made up exclusively by the big middlemen who handle the milk between farm and home. Big business justifies its profits on the grounds of the risks it takes. Only mass pressure can keep it from reaping the profits while passing the risks along to the consumer.

He Hates War

THE President has said it. He hates war. But it takes more than sentiment to halt the warmakers. The President's Chautauqua speech was not lacking in passion, but it was singularly evasive as a statement of American policy toward the war crisis brought on by Italian and German intervention against the Spanish Republic. This was a major failing in a speech which contained several commendable utterances against the provokers of war.

The fascist powers are virtually engaged in a war against a government with which the United States maintains friendly relations. They are challenging the security of France and seeking imperialist aggrandizement at the expense of Great Britain. They are thus instigating an international conflict which may well engulf the United States. The basis of their defiant stand is plain. It lies in the failure of the peaceful, non-fascist nations to act firmly and in concert against the Italian conquest of Ethiopia and the Nazi Rhineland coup.

Today several European countries are seeking an accord to halt fascist intervention against the Spanish government. By joining with these powers the United States can help forestall a major war. If it fails to do so, the United States will not only aid the fascist enemies of a friendly people, but will help speed a world-wide conflagration.

Roosevelt, though his theme was war and peace, had nothing to say on this issue. His silence is all the more disquieting because of his efforts to reassure the Right of his lack of enthusiasm for international coöperation.

"We shun political commitments which might entangle us in foreign wars, we avoid connection with the political activities of the League of Nations," said the President.

What are the sinister commitments which justify non-coöperation with the world's peace agencies? The truth is that the warlike, fascist powers are today aligned against the democratic peaceful ones. Will the Hearst bogy of "political entanglements" obscure this truth and prevent the United States from committing itself on the side of peace and democracy?

The present Spanish government was legally constituted through the elections of February 1936. It was voted into power even though the electoral machine was dominated by the hostile Rightist government which preceded it. It represents order and democracy in Spain. The United States cannot become a partner to the criminal game of Spanish fascism which seeks to destroy this government. Washington must act to prevent the reactionaries from obtaining financial or military aid in this country. Steps must be taken against those who falsify news and stir up antagonism against the friendly government of Spain. There are those who, in the name of a deceptive neutrality, would have the United States deal with the fascist insurrectionists and with the legal government on a plane of equality. By following such a policy the United States would directly contribute to the triumph of medievalism in Europe and to the realization of the fascist plans for world war.

Scotch the War-Makers!

ON August 22 New Yorkers will voice their sympathy with Spanish democracy and their condemnation of fascist intervention by joining in the anti-war parade organized by the American League Against War and Fascism. More than ninety-seven of the city's largest trade unions have accepted the invitation to march, and the Socialist Party, which has previously abstained from collaboration with the American League, will officially participate. The march will show that Americans not only hate war but are increasingly disposed to do something effective to prevent it.

Camouflage

THE Olympic games, according to the New York *Times,* left foreign visitors with the impression that "all black spots had been covered, all political controversy side-tracked, all prejudice and all militarism put aside and forgotten."

No wonder. A confidential circular issued by Herr Darre, Nazi Minister of Food and Agriculture, and republished by the Manchester *Guardian,* showed how the fascist regime created its Potemkin villages. Among other things, the government ordered that no convict labor must be employed near roads, and that "political prisoners and inmates of concentration camps are in no circumstances to work on the land from July 1 to September 15."

Herr Darre's confidential circular specifically instructed local officials: "There may be Jews amongst the foreigners. . . . Possible Jews must therefore be treated as politely as Aryan guests. In no case must Jewish provocateurs get a chance of creating incidents which will add grist to the mills of hostile propagandists abroad."

That was the front put on for visiting foreigners. Meantime, within the real Nazi Germany, six Communists of Ekner, a suburb of Berlin, were arrested for distributing anti-fascist literature during the plebiscite of March 29. After a brief secret trial they were condemned to death—while the Olympic games were in progress. Their wives were arrested for the "crime" of failing to denounce their husbands to the police. They were each sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. This act so shocked the town of Ekner that even Nazis have protested. The mayor of the town, various members of the S.A., and many Nazi women have petitioned Hitler to mitigate the harsh sentences. When the Nazis themselves cry "Hold, enough!" surely the depths of brutality have been reached.

Hail Manitoba!

A FEW weeks ago they held elections in the province of Manitoba. One of the results is that for the first time north of the Rio Grande a Communist will sit in a legislative assembly of state or provincial size. Blue-eyed Jim Litterick, reared in Scotland, will represent a Winnipeg constituency in the provincial House. Until a few months ago the Communist Party was virtually outlawed in Canada.

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Now one of its leaders will speak from an unassailable vantage point to an audience far beyond the confines of Manitoba's legislative chamber. And no uniformed thug will pull him down for "inciting to riot."

A salute for the Communist Party of Canada, another for Jim Litterick, and certainly one for the voters of Winnipeg!

Ninth Anniversary

WHO does not remember those last mad days of August 1927? Would the dogs actually dare to shed the blood of innocent men, of the "poor fish-peddler" and the "good shoemaker"? Yes, if they were not stopped, they would dare. Had they not, for eleven long years, kept Tom Mooney in prison when the whole world knew that he was completely innocent?

"I wanted a room for every family," Vanzetti wrote from prison, "bread for every mouth, education for every heart, the light for every intellect." What a monstrous crime this was in the eyes of the New England bourbon, the Southern landlord, the Wall Street banker, the freebooters of the West Coast! When the Italian fish-peddler saw "with the eyes of my soul how the sky is suffused with the rays of the new millenium," his fate was sealed.

The struggle continues for that liberty with which alone, as Vanzetti said, man can "rise, become noble and complete." This week when the freedom-loving people the world over honor the memory of Sacco and Vanzetti, one-sixth of the earth is socialist; the greatest republic in Western Europe is in the hands of the People's Front; the men and women of a land long ruled by the original Bourbons are, rifle in hand, defending their republic; and in our own country the forces of progress and freedom gather strength, move toward unity.

But because the struggle is so sharp, the reaction becomes more ruthless. What the New England bourbons did to Sacco and Vanzetti, the Southern bourbons wish to do to Angelo Herndon. What Hitler did to the Jews of Germany, the Trues, the Edmundsons, the Jungs would do to the Jews of America. What the Black Hundreds did for the czar, the Black Legion would do for the Liberty League.

The years cry out to us to learn their lesson. Only the united, nation-wide protest of all progressive forces was able to stave off the doom of Sacco and Vanzetti for six years. Today the forces of progress in America are broader and stronger than they were nine years ago. United, nation-wide action can go further. It can not only postpone but prevent. It can and must free Angelo Herndon. It can and must stop the pogrom-agitators. It can and must abolish the Black Legion.

Workers in Action

ON the strike front, new outbreaks of terror featured the past week. A general strike was threatened in Syracuse after two Remington-Rand workers were shot by armed deputies. In Seattle, the Newspaper Guild struck Hearst's *Post-Intelligencer,* preventing the morning paper from appearing and meeting strong-arm resistance from Hearst strikebreakers. The Guild is supported by typographical workers, longshoremen, and teamsters. Agricultural workers were locked out in Southern California and faced starvation. These are the workers whom vigilantes beat, gassed and shot. More than one hundred of them were arrested, only to be released later because there was no case against them. The strike, just ended, won for the agricultural workers a wage of twenty cents an hour for a nine-hour day, plus three cents for each box of fruit picked.

In Brooklyn, fifty-two were arrested in the six-week strike of cooks and countermen. Toledo gas workers threatened to tie up the city completely if their demands for recognition, higher wages and better working conditions were not met. The stoppage in the knitwear industry spread from New York to New Jersey.

The LaFollette Committee raided labor-spy offices of Pinkerton, Burns, and others, and subpoenaed leaders and files, striking a hard blow against corporations that use espionage to fight labor organization.

On the West Coast, the Waterfront Employers again threaten action against the maritime unions. The owners, asking "several changes" in the contract with longshoremen which expires September 30, ask for arbitration while refusing to list changes they desire. The longshoremen also desire changes, as do the other maritime unions. The situation is complicated by the failure of the Sailors' Union of the Pacific to return to the International Seamen's Union from which they were expelled last winter. The terms of return are good, though the sailors object to adhering to a constitution altered since their expulsion. The other maritime unions urge the sailors to return to the A.F. of L. in order to consolidate a front against the employers.

New Masses

VOL. XX, No. 9 CONTENTS AUGUST 25, 1936

Editorial Comment 3
Distorting the Popular Front..... 6
The Coughlin Convention..... 6
The Blind Man and the Wolf's Cub
Hugo Gellert 7
15 Leading Jews Marked for Death!
Michael Hale 8
Teachers Fight for Unity Malcolm Winter 12
Steel's Frankenstein Monster
Marguerite Young 13
Cuban Labor Underground
John L. Spivak 15
Fourth-Estate Fascism....Joseph Freeman 18
Is Europe a Success?.....Ilya Ehrenbourg 19
One of Many.....Len Zinberg 23
In Memoriam: August 22, 1927..... 24
From a Letter....Bartolomeo Vanzetti
They Are Dead Now..John Dos Passos
Justice Denied in Massachusetts
Edna St. Vincent Millay
The Condemned.....Witter Bynner
Review and Comment
How Spanish Intellectuals Reached the Masses.....Roger Abbott 25
More "Men of Good Will"
Samuel Putnam 26
From Parnell to Connolly
Maurice English 27
This Final Crisis.....John Darrell 27
Fifty-Five Men.....Louis B. Boudin 28
Brief Reviews..... 29
Between Ourselves 30
Drawings by Bonnicksen, Hugo Gellert, Gropper, R. Joyce, Mackey, Gardner Rea, Thelma Kathan, Correll, Dan Rico.

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Published weekly by WEEKLY MASSES CO., INC., at 31 East 27th Street, New York City. Copyright, 1936, NEW MASSES, INC., Reg. U. S. Patent Office. Drawings and text may not be reprinted without permission. Entered as second-class matter, June 24, 1926, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copies 15 cents. Subscription $4.50 a year in U. S. and Colonies and Mexico. Six months $2.50; three months $1.25; Foreign $5.50 a year; six months $3; three months $1.50. In Canada, $5 a year, $2.75 for six months. Subscribers are notified that no change in address can be effected in less than two weeks. THE NEW MASSES welcomes the work of new writers in prose and verse, and of 178 artists. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. THE NEW MASSES pays for contributions.

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Distorting the Popular Front

WITH men and women dying on the barricades in defense of the Spanish republic, the least that might be expected from anti-fascists in other countries is a sense of responsibility, sobriety of judgment. This makes it all the more difficult to understand the *Nation's* persistent reliance for an interpretation of Europe's civil war upon irresponsible pseudo-leftist opponents of the People's Front.

Through the pages of this liberal weekly, which has itself been an active fighter against American reaction, Leon Trotsky proclaims an imminent "second stage" in France. He sees the middle classes swinging to fascism and the working class abandoning the horrible "Stalinites." At this point the Seer of Oslo envisions the French proletariat plunging forward into a Trotskyite version of the unadulterated class struggle.

The People's Front government has been in power some two months, but so far France has given no indication of following Trotsky's recipe. This must be a sore disappointment to Hitler and de la Rocque, who would like nothing better than a break between the French working class and its democratic middle-class allies.

It must be borne in mind that the French proletariat has criticized the Blum government on specific issues, notably on the Spanish question. But this criticism does not alter the fundamental decision of the workers to support the Blum regime with a view to maintaining the anti-fascist People's Front intact. The proletariat knows that it was the People's Front alone, uniting the working and middle-class forces, that turned back the fascist tide in France.

The "200 families" would be only too happy to provoke a mad putsch, to separate the middle-class groups from the proletariat, to isolate one from the other in order to crush them both. But Trotsky's poisonous advice is making no impression upon those who are defending the French republic against organized fascism.

You begin to wonder why the liberal *Nation* suddenly falls for adventurist pseudo-revolutionary fantasies. Or why it publishes the silly "explanations" of Anita Brenner, who, in writing for the New York *Times,* sinks to the level of citing the pro-fascist Unamuno as her authority on the "soul" of Spain.

"The Popular Front in Spain," Miss Brenner finds from a safe distance of nearly three thousand miles, "is scarcely more than a political fiction." She has the gall to tell this to the readers of the *Nation,* who must know even from the garbled reports in the capitalist press that the People's Front militia—consisting of Socialists, Communists, Anarchists, Syndicalists, liberals, republicans—is a momentous reality; that the men and women fighting fascism on the barricades of Barcelona and the mountain passes of Guadarrama are middle-class as well as proletarian.

The *Nation* does little service to the cause of democracy or the cause of socialism when it opens its pages to irresponsible people whose hatred for communism blinds them to the heroic realities of the People's Front.

The Coughlin Convention

HUEY LONG once tossed off the remark that fascism would seek power in the United States under the guise of anti-fascism. Recent events are proving the late Senator's pronouncement only a half-truth. To be sure, the Liberty League, the reactionaries of the Republican Party, the "Constitutional Democrats," and other cohorts of America's growing fascism wrap themselves in the Stars and Stripes, denounce "regimentation" and "isms" of all sorts, and bear aloft the Constitution of democracy. But the creatures of these "respectable" fascists are less devious.

At the Townsend convention a few weeks ago the incitements to fascism were so bald that even bourgeois political observers sat up in amazement. Last week's Coughlin convention should assure them it was no mere nightmare. What can democracy possibly mean to a convention called by a man who announces beforehand that "any officers whom I have appointed are merely my creatures . . . any rules and regulations which I empowered are only my rules and my regulations"? The Coughlin convention should convince everyone—even Norman Thomas—that we have in the United States an organized and ominously growing fascist movement, and that this is, above all else, the gravest issue in the life of the country.

Together at Cleveland, Lemke, Coughlin, and Gerald Smith—the Unholy Three—have been cooking the stew of fascism. Lemke contributed the hollow promises ladled out by demagogues everywhere. In four years he will remake America, redistribute wealth, abolish droughts by building 250,000 artificial lakes to put "more humidity in the air." He will rout out the bureaucrats, provide pensions and plenty of spending money for all, keep America for the Americans, and put the international bankers in their place.

To this mess of vaporous and spurious pledges, Coughlin added the spice of race prejudice. Ever so delicately he pointed out that the Jews must not be blamed "for everything." He deplored the persecution by which the "natural talents of the Jew" for usury were nurtured, and challenged every Jew in this country to abandon "his system of 'a tooth for a tooth and an eye for an eye'" and to acknowledge the Christian principle of brotherly love.

But the meat for the stew came from the Rev. Gerald Smith, who elaborated his previously announced plan to "recruit 1,000,000 God-fearing, carefully selected, patriotic young men who will see to it that our ballots are cast in the daytime and counted correctly at night." And Father Coughlin blessed the whole concoction with the expressed belief that if Roosevelt is reëlected, it may be the last election this country will ever see.

The threat is not an idle one. It is the Coughlins, the Smiths, the Lemkes, and the Liberty Leaguers of Spain that have drenched that sunny land with blood and matched the ballots of the people with the bullets of reaction.

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FATHER COUGHLIN

Hugo Gellert

The Blind Man and the Wolf's Cub

A blind man was able to tell any animal by merely touching it with his hands. Once they brought him a wolf's cub. He felt it all over and, being in doubt, said: "I know not whether thy father was a dog or a wolf; but this I know, that I would not trust thee among a flock of sheep."—*From "Æsop Said So" by Hugo Gellert.*

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15 Leading Jews Marked for Death!

MICHAEL HALE

JAMES TRUE promised a pogrom in September against American Jews.

His statements and his threats, published last week in the NEW MASSES, have raised such a storm of protest throughout the United States, that True has taken to cover. In his attempt to get out from under, True has implicated himself in more plans of violence and organized terror against the Jewish race.

The evidence against True has already elicited promises by prominent government officials to investigate his incitement to murder and to follow investigations with appropriate action against True and his supporters. The inventor of the "Kike Killer," the key man in the dissemination of anti-Semitic literature, the pet Jew-baiter of Republican super-patrioteer groups, finds himself on a very uncomfortable spot. Confronted with the NEW MASSES evidence by the New York *World-Telegram,* True denied giving an interview to the NEW MASSES, but he did not deny statements by him quoted in the article nor did he deny the impending pogrom, nor the threats made against prominent Americans. Instead, True reinforced the NEW MASSES accusations. *He admitted that he was interested "in getting rid of political Jews."*

In an interview granted to me, True called for the death of fifteen outstanding Jews, most of whom are government officials.

"If these big Jews were bumped off, then we wouldn't have any trouble. They ought to be put in their graves."

WITH the publication last week of Porter Niles's expose of James True, the NEW MASSES sent me to Washington for supplementary evidence of True's activities. For those who are curious about such things, I will state at once that I am a native, "Nordic," Christian, 100-percent American, a newspaperman by profession, and my home is in the Middle West. I was escorted into True's private office by a very blonde, very "Aryan" girl. At first True was reticent; but he soon began telling me of his expectations from the Asheville conference of Christian ministers and laymen, the conference which is ostensibly anti-communist only but which is endorsed by True and by nearly every other active anti-Semite in America.

True made the aims of the conference clear enough. "They could get together and in the exchange of ideas do something toward driving the Jews out of this country," he explained. "And the boys from the South have a big problem on their hands with all the Negroes in the South. Do you know that there are fifteen Negroes and Jews for every white man in this country?"

I said I didn't know that, remarking, "There are many people in the country who think they feel the menace of Jewish control. But are there any you can depend on to do something about it?"

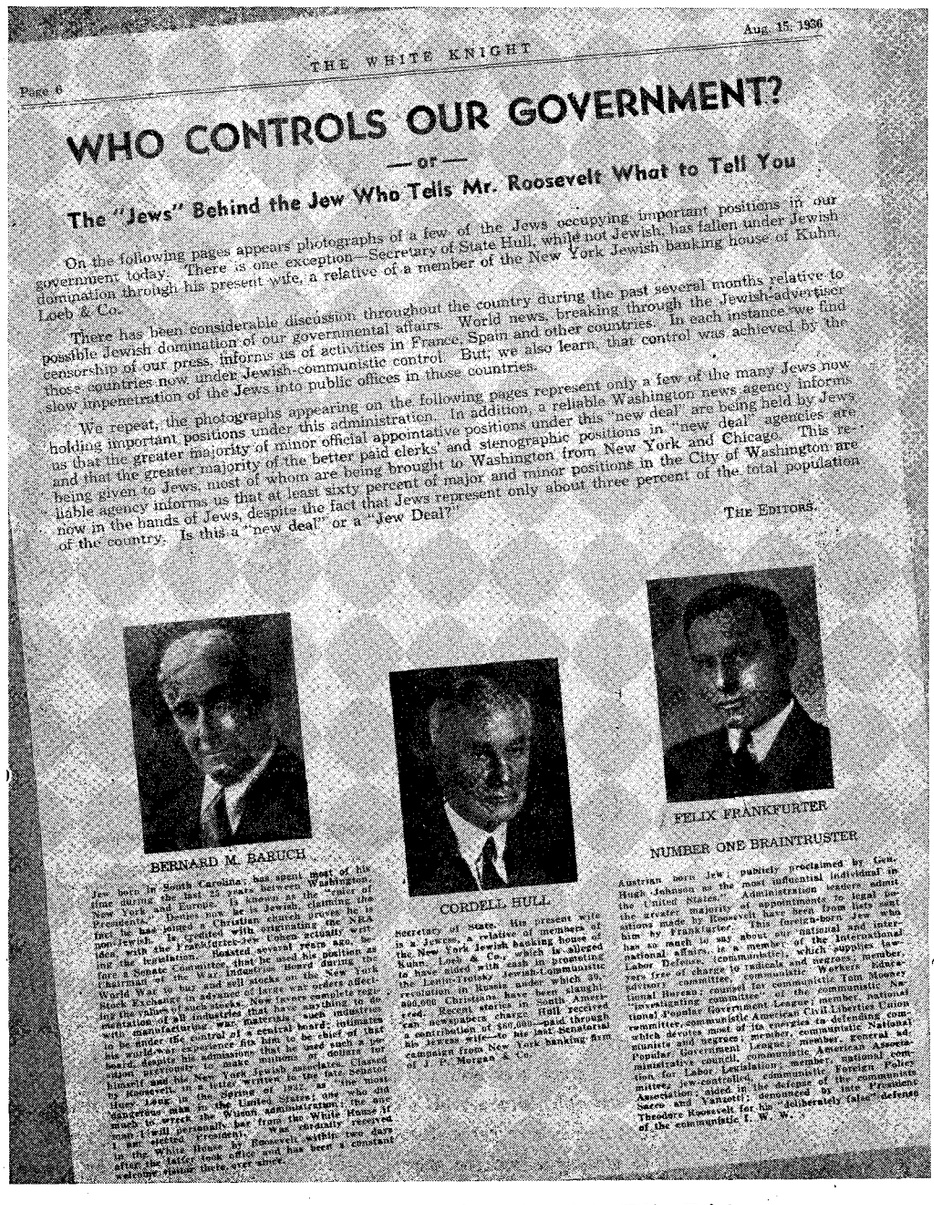
"Yes." He leaned forward. "There's nothing some of the boys would rather do than kill a goddamned Jew or nigger! Why, I remember back a few years when I was in Chicago. After I left town, they had a little trouble. The papers said fifty niggers were killed, but the boys killed two hundred of them. By God, I was sore that I missed that. You know how they do it? You ride into a bunch of niggers and you get the leaders first. You shoot 'em in the head. None of 'em go to the hospital."

"But, Mr. True," I asked, "even if you have an organization or a group of men willing to take active part in such a plan, how are you going to be able to get such Jews as Felix Frankfurter or Einstein?"

"Well," he answered, "the Jews on the street are like rabbits. But the big Jews are different. There are about fifteen of them who run things here and are part of an international alliance who plan to wreck Christianity and the world. Now the thing to do would be to get them out of the way. If these big Jews were bumped off, then we wouldn't have any trouble. They ought to be put in their graves."

"Put the fifteen in graves?"

"The sons of bitches aren't fit for graves," he snorted. "They would make good fertilizer for inedible plants or weeds."



THE WHITE KNIGHT — Aug. 15, 1936 — Page 6

WHO CONTROLS OUR GOVERNMENT?

—or—

The "Jews" Behind the Jew Who Tells Mr. Roosevelt What to Tell You

On the following pages appears photographs of a few of the Jews occupying important positions in our government today. There is one exception—Secretary of State Hull, while not Jewish, has fallen under Jewish domination through his present wife, a relative of a member of the New York Jewish banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Co.

There has been considerable discussion throughout the country during the past several months relative to possible Jewish domination of our governmental affairs. World news, breaking through the Jewish-advertiser censorship of our press, informs us of activities in France, Spain and other countries. In each instance we find those countries now under Jewish-communistic control. But; we also learn, that control was achieved by the slow impenetration of the Jews into public offices in those countries.

We repeat, the photographs appearing on the following pages represent only a few of the many Jews now holding important positions under this administration. In addition, a reliable Washington news agency informs us that the greater majority of minor official appointative positions under this "new deal" agencies are and that the greater majority of the better paid clerks' and stenographic positions in "new deal" agencies are being given to Jews, most of whom are being brought to Washington from New York and Chicago. This reliable agency informs us that at least sixty percent of major and minor positions in the City of Washington are now in the hands of Jews, despite the fact that Jews represent only about three percent of the total population of the country. Is this a "new deal" or a "Jew Deal?"

THE EDITORS.

BERNARD M. BARUCH

Jew born in South Carolina; has spent most of his time during the last 25 years between Washington, New York and Europe. Is known as the "czar of Presidents." Denies now, for he is not Jewish, he is first he has joined with originating the NRA non-Jewish. Is credited with originating the NRA idea with the Frankfurter-Cohen actually writing the legislation. Retained several years ago, during the Senate committee, that he used his position as Chairman of the War Industries Board during the World War to buy and sell stocks on the New York Stock Exchange in advance of large war orders affecting the values of such stocks. Now favors complete regimentation of all industries, such ministers with manufacturing war materials, such ministers to be under the control of a central board; intimates his world-war experience fits him to be chief of that board, despite his admissions that he used such a position illegally to make millions of dollars for himself and his New York Jewish associates. Claimed by Roosevelt, in a letter written to the late Senator Thos. Long in the Spring of 1932, as "the most dangerous man in the United States; one who did much to wreck the Wilson administration; the one man I will personally bar from the White House if I am elected President." War certainly received in the White House by Roosevelt, within two days after the latter took office and has been a constant welcome visitor there ever since.

CORDELL HULL

Secretary of state. His present wife is a Jewess, a relative of members of the New York Jewish banking house of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., which is alleged to have aided with cash in promoting the Lenin-Trotsky Jewish-Communistic revolution in Russia under which 30,000,000 Christians have been slaughtered. Recent stories in South American newspapers charge Hull received a contribution of $50,000—paid through his Jewess wife—to his last Senatorial campaign from New York banking firm of J. P. Morgan & Co.

FELIX FRANKFURTER

NUMBER ONE BRAINTRUSTER

Austrian born Jew; publicly proclaimed by Gen. Hugh Johnson as the most influential individual in the United States in the Administration leaders adjustment; the greater majority of appointments to legal positions made by Roosevelt have been from lists sent him by Frankfurter. This foreign-born Jew, who has so much to say about our "national and international affairs, is a member of the International Labor Defense, (communistic) which supplies lawyers free of charge to radicals and negroes; member, advisory committee, communistic Workers Ex-Service men's League; counsel for communistic National Hunger Committee; of the communistic National Popular Government League; member, national committee, communistic American Civil Liberties Union which defends most of its energies to defending communists and negroes; member, general committee, communistic National Labor Defense; member, general administrative council, communistic American Association for Labor Legislation; member, national committee, pro-communistic Foreign Policy Association; aided in the defense of the communists Sacco and Vanzetti; denounced by late President Theodore Roosevelt for his "deliberately false" defense of the communistic I. W. W.

A page from the "Jew Deal" number of the *White Knight*

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"Who are they, these fifteen? These leaders that you mentioned?"

"Oh, you know who they are. I'll give you a copy of *The White Knight*. They are named in there."

The White Knight is the official organ of the Knights of the White Camellia, which Porter Niles correctly described as a night-riding, terrorist offshoot of the Ku-Klux Klan. True fosters these gangsters and distributes their literature.

In the "Jew Deal" issue of *The White Knight,* which True gave me, thirty photographs and "biographies" appear of Jews and *non-Jews*. The magazine, however, contends that all except Cordell Hull are Jews and that Hull married a Jewess. From these thirty, True will select fifteen to "get out of the way."

From what True told me, Felix Frankfurter heads the list. "Of all of them, Felix Frankfurter is the strongest," he said. "That son of a bitch ought to go first. Why, do you know what they call him? They call him the 'Assistant President'."

"How do you know that?"

"A girl who is a friend of ours told us about going to dinner with a couple of Jewish girls. There were a lot of Jew communists at the place and because she was with these girls, they thought she was a communist, too. Frankfurter was there. The bunch of Jew-communists began toasting him as the 'Assistant President.' He got up and said, 'You call me the Assistant President. Assistant—hell, I *am* the President. I run this country.' "

True believes the vicious lies he spreads. He not only is perfectly willing to pass on fantastic tales such as the one quoted above, but he disseminates *The White Knight* with its thirty pictures and inciting "biographies." Of the thirty names, True promises that *fifteen will be the first "to be put in their graves."*

The "biographies" under each picture are an example of the propaganda circulated by True in his pogrom-inciting campaign and the type of propaganda which prominent Republicans who belong to the American Coalition circulate throughout this country. A few examples are worth quoting:

> W. C. BULLITT. Of Jewish parentage. [Bullitt is not a Jew nor are his parents Jewish.] His last wife was the former wife of John Reed, notorious American communist who is buried in the Kremlin in Moscow; connected with many radical and communistic organizations.
>
> JESSE ISIDOR STRAUS. His appointment as ambassador to France is of particular interest now since Jew Blum has become Premier of that country and its entire government is in the hands of Jewish communists.
>
> HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR. Under his direction, Treasury department is firing Christians and replacing them with untrained Jews, the majority from New York City.
>
> FRANCES JURKOWITZ. We must ask our readers to conjure up a likeness to this party. Diligent efforts to secure a photograph failed.
>
> JUSTICE LOUIS D. BRANDEIS. Is reported as having said to a friend who called his attention to the millions killed in Russia under Jewish-communist planning, "They were only Christians."
>
> NATHAN R. MARGOLD. Teaching Jewish communism and hate of Christians to Indians under his control throughout the country.

TRUE'S incitement continues. He has promised an American pogrom. He has openly threatened the lives of fifteen out of thirty prominent men whose pictures are reproduced in *The White Knight*. If True were an isolated anti-Semite, he would be dangerous enough. But Porter Niles has pointed out that he has powerful backing, linked with the Republican Party. In New York City, Merwin K. Hart, president of the New York State Economic Council, calls True "one of the finest men I know," and uses True's weekly service, *Industrial Control Reports,* as "information" that influences his own economic news letters. True has the backing of the American Coalition of Patriotic Societies.

James True must be stopped and the anti-Semitic, un-American activities of his fellow Jew-baiters must end without delay. The NEW MASSES has called upon government officials "to take immediate steps first to bring these vicious and dangerous anti-Semitic threats to an immediate end and second to initiate at once federal investigation of the movement and its backers."

To this demand, government officials have responded by promising investigations and action. Samuel Dickstein, Congressman from New York and chairman of the House Committee to Investigate Un-American Activities, wrote to the NEW MASSES:

> I expect to be in Washington soon and will take the papers in this matter with me, so that I may discuss same with some of my colleagues and with the proper Departments, for such action as I deem necessary.

Robert Wohlforth, secretary of the subcommittee of the Committee on Education and Labor, replied:

> We appreciate this information and will keep it before us.
>
> You may be sure the Senator [LaFollette] will make a very thorough investigation of all phases of this inquiry.

A HITCH in the promised investigations comes from Major and Superintendent E. W. Brown of the Metropolitan Police in Washington, D. C. This is not particularly surprising. Major Brown is intimately connected with Hearst's Boys' Club, exposed by Porter Niles in the NEW MASSES, June 2, 1936, as an anti-union, militaristic organization sponsored by the Washington police department in conjunction with Hearst.

Small wonder, then, that Major Brown is reluctant to push charges against James True, Jew-baiter and inciter to murder. Of course, the major is careful to promise "an investigation." He wrote the NEW MASSES:

> In reply, permit me to advise that this matter will receive a thorough investigation and appropriate action by this Department.

The NEW MASSES sent a special correspondent to see Brown. The interview makes it clear that Brown is none too eager to investigate True and that without additional pressure on Brown, True will not be unduly disturbed by the police. The report of the interview with Brown follows:

"We have investigated True before," the

Who Are the Fifteen?

WHICH fifteen of these thirty prominent men has James True of Washington, D. C., selected as the first victims in his fight against the "Jew Deal" and the "international Jewish plotters"?

The thirty names and designations listed below appear in the *White Knight,* official organ of the Knights of the White Camellia.

●

JACOB BAKER, formerly assistant administrator, W.P.A.

LOUIS H. BEAN, economic adviser to Secretary Wallace.

BERNARD M. BARUCH, banker.

LOUIS D. BRANDEIS, justice of the U. S. Supreme Court.

WILLIAM C. BULLITT, ambassador to the U.S.S.R.

BENJAMIN N. CARDOZO, justice of the U. S. Supreme Court.

BENJAMIN COHN, general counsel of National Power Policy Committee.

M. S. EISENHOWER, director of information, Department of Agriculture.

MORDECAI J. B. EZEKIEL, economic adviser to Secretary Wallace.

JEROME N. FRANK, general counsel, R.F.C.

FELIX FRANKFURTER, professor of law, Harvard University.

E. A. GOLDENWEISER, director of research and statistics, Federal Reserve System.

SIDNEY HILLMAN, president, Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union of America.

CORDELL HULL, Secretary of State.

FRANCES JURKOWITZ, administrative assistant to Secretary Perkins.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER JULIAN, Treasurer of the United States.

DAVID LILIENTHAL, director T.V.A.

ISADORE LUBIN, commissioner of labor statistics.

NATHAN R. MARGOLD, solicitor, Department of Interior.

CHARLES MICHELSON, publicity director, Democratic National Committee.

HENRY MORGENTHAU, Jr., Secretary of the Treasury.

W. I. MYERS, Farm Credit Administration.

HAROLD NATHAN, assistant director, Federal Bureau of Investigation.

DONALD RICHBERG, former administrator, N.R.A.

DAVID SAPERSTEIN, Securities and Exchange Commission.

DAVID J. SAPOSS, consultant, National Labor Relations Board.

JESSE ISIDOR STRAUS, ambassador to France.

J. D. WOLFSOHN, secretary, National Power Commission.

LEO WOLMAN, Labor Relations Board.

C. E. WYZANSKI, Jr., solicitor to the Department of Labor.

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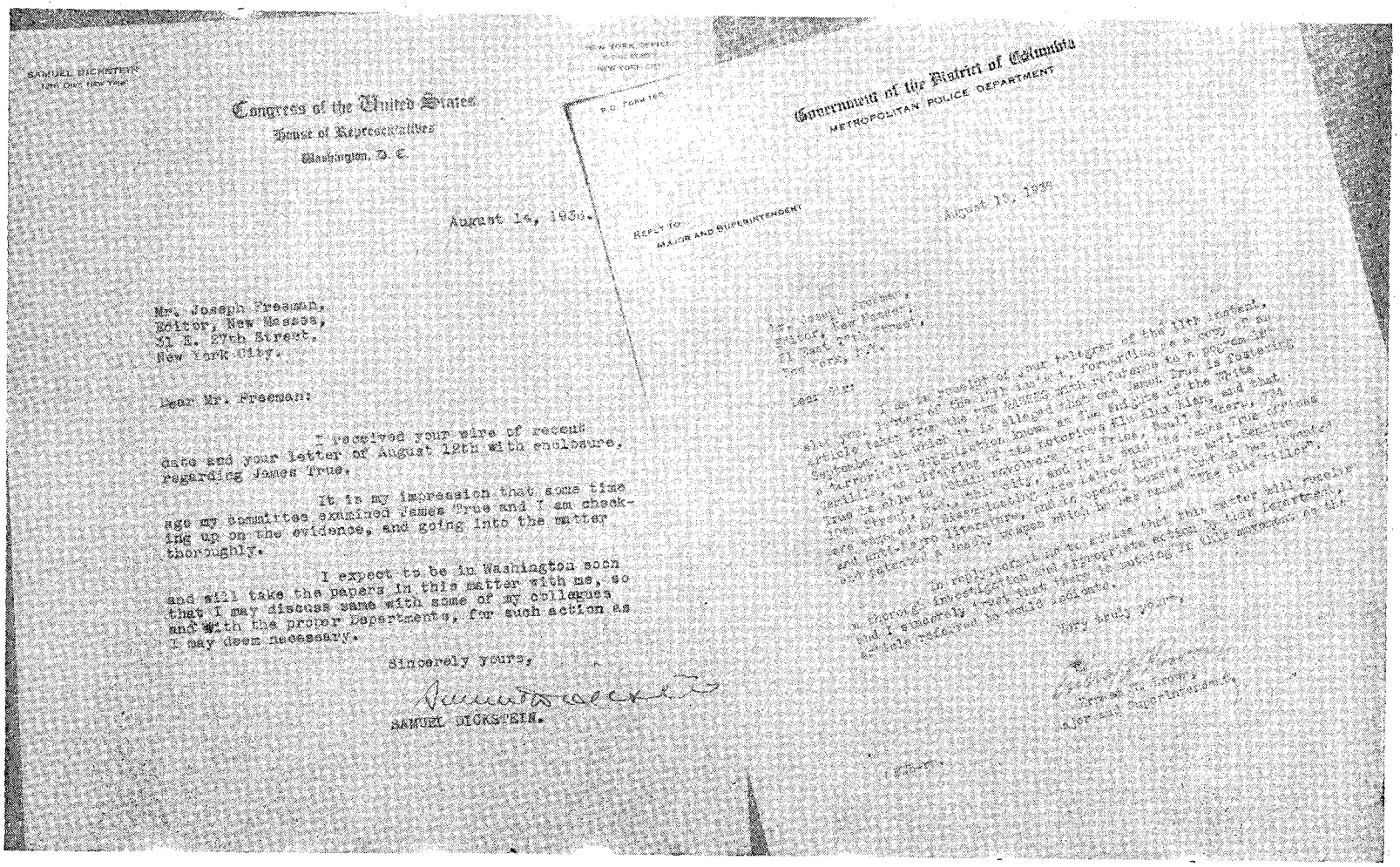

SAMUEL DICKSTEIN
10th Dist. New York

Congress of the United States
House of Representatives
Washington, D. C.

August 14, 1930.

Mr. Joseph Freeman,
Editor, New Masses,
31 E. 27th Street,
New York City.

Dear Mr. Freeman:

I received your wire of recent date and your letter of August 12th with enclosure, regarding James True.

It is my impression that some time ago my committee examined James True and I am checking up on the evidence, and going into the matter thoroughly.

I expect to be in Washington soon and will take the papers in this matter with me, so that I may discuss same with some of my colleagues and with the proper Department, for such action as I may deem necessary.

Sincerely yours,

SAMUEL DICKSTEIN.

P.D. FORM 163

REPLY TO MAJOR AND SUPERINTENDENT

Government of the District of Columbia
METROPOLITAN POLICE DEPARTMENT

August 15, 1930.

Mr. Joseph Freeman,
Editor, New Masses,
31 East 27th Street,
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sir:

I am in receipt of your telegram of the 11th instant, and your letter of the 12th instant, regarding a news article taken from the New Masses with reference to a person named James True.

September 1st which it is alleged that one James True is featured as a terrorist organization known as the Knights of the White Camellia, an affiliation of the notorious Ku Klux Klan, and that True is able to obtain revolvers from Fries, Neall & Sharp, and that [illegible] involves the [illegible] True organization, and it is said that the James True [illegible] are supported by [illegible] and [illegible] literature, and in speeches [illegible] and advocates [illegible] suppression of [illegible] by violence, and [illegible] weapons which he uses [illegible]

In reply, I am to advise that this matter will receive investigation and appropriate action by this department, and I sincerely trust that there is nothing in this connection as the article referred to would indicate.

Very truly yours,

Major and Superintendent.

Letters received by the NEW MASSES on the True disclosures from Congressman Dickstein and Superintendent of Police Brown

major declared. "I feel that True is a 100-percent American. A 100-percent American in the best sense of the word."

"All this talk about a club that is being called a 'Kike Killer'!" Brown exclaimed. "Why, True tried to sell us on the idea of adopting it in place of a regulation policeman's nightstick. That was more than a year ago. Of course, we couldn't use an instrument like that as a nightstick, but we know all about True. That club, incidentally, is here in police headquarters now."

Major Brown continued confidentially. "And this talk about the purchase of guns. True is a member of a rifle club. He has bought a couple of revolvers and a shotgun, that's all. We knew all about that."

Major Brown's assurance that True is not buying supplies of guns does not coincide with True's boast to Porter Niles that he has placed $12,000 worth of business in the hands of Freis, Neall & Sharp, who, True claims, will sell revolvers at wholesale prices to anyone recommended by the James True Associates even if the person has no permit.

Washington detectives have revisited True's office for a second investigation. Captain Thompson, chief of detectives, shares Major Brown's enthusiasm for True and True's activities.

"True is a practical American," Thompson declared. "We know of no illegalities he has committed."

The chief of detectives referred to a pile of papers on his desk. On top lay the NEW MASSES with paragraphs in the article exposing True as a plotter of pogroms marked in blue pencil. Beneath it was a closely typed record, apparently an earlier police report.

He read from the police report, "'True's record is to defend the Constitution, his enemies are the enemies attempting to destroy and undermine the government.'" The chief of detectives turned, adding, "I say hooray for him."

The "enemies" are Jews, liberals, progressives throughout America. The chief of police finds nothing wrong with True's anti-Semitic activities. "True is a newspaperman," he remarked. "His office isn't the headquarters for this organization [the Knights of the White Camellia]. Maybe he contributes to it. Maybe he supports it. It is published in West Virginia, not Washington, you know."

"What do you want us to do?" Captain Thompson asked. "Just why do you bring this stuff to us?"

The interviewer suggested that American citizens were guaranteed by the Constitution religious tolerance and freedom from persecution because of race. Was that right? Was it not the job of the police to protect the liberty of the American people?

Captain Thompson rose. "Absolutely," he agreed, shaking hands and dismissing the subject with the implication that after all it was not up to the police department to interfere with "practical Americans" like True.

The NEW MASSES also wrote to men on the committee which supports Merwin K. Hart's New York State Committee for the Revival of Private Property. Replies indicate that Mr. Hart will not be allowed to continue his support of James True and other anti-Semites. A letter from Joseph Platzker, secretary of the East Side Chamber of Commerce, New York City, is significant:

> About two months after I permitted the use of my name on this Committee I realized that it served neither a patriotic nor civil purpose and requested that my name be withdrawn from same. In view of your letter and its contents I will write Mr. Hart at once and demand that my name be stricken out of all circulating literature, if it has not been done already.
>
> My answers to your questions follow:
>
> 1. I am not aware of Mr. Hart's use of anti-Semitic service.
> 2. I do not approve of such procedure.
> 3. The action I have taken is noted above.
> 4. If I can help in any way to remove anti-Semitic influence from the Council's service, I will do so.

JAMES TRUE and his fellow anti-Semites have called openly for violence against the Jews. They must be stopped. The NEW MASSES will continue to press for investigation and action. It is necessary that our readers, conscious of the danger and viciousness of the plans for American pogroms and assassinations, conscious that the Major Browns are not anxious to disturb James True and his kind, join in pressing for action that will prevent True and his associates from turning their threats into reality.

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Teachers Fight for Unity

MALCOLM WINTER

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

WILLIAM GREEN is going to be disappointed by the American Federation of Teachers. For the teachers, whose Twentieth Annual Convention opened here Monday, do not believe in that time-honored practice of reactionary labor leaders: splitting. Interviews with members of the Executive Council of the teachers indicated voting down of Green's proposal that they revoke the charter of Local Five of New York. And the temper of the membership, who rejected a similar proposal in 1935, suggested that they agree with these Council members. It also suggested that they would speak out in no uncertain terms against the split which William Green and his Council are threatening in the ranks of the A.F. of L.

The Local Five question was raised again by Green and his Council behind the smoke-screen of charges of "Communist control" and self-destructive factionalism. Some teachers saw in this merely an attempt to return Local Five to Drs. Inville and Lefkowitz, the former heads of Local Five, who last year went from A.F. of T. Convention to A.F. of L. Convention seeking to have Local Five reorganized so as to exclude all but their devout followers. Other teachers regarded this new attack on Local Five as a move which grew out of the conflict between Green and the C.I.O. and which aimed at throttling the progressive trade unionism of the A.F. of T.

Those who hold the latter opinion pointed to the history of the case. The recommendation of Green and his Council on Local Five —this year's call for the revocation of Local Five's charter is a formal vote of the whole A.F. of L. Council, whereas last year's call was merely Green's telegraphed cry—followed an investigation made by the A.F. of L. Council into the whole A.F. of T. The investigation was voted by the 1935 convention of the A.F. of L. on motion by one of Dr. Linville's supporters, Miss Selma Borchardt. For a time it was understood that the investigation would never take place. But as Green's conflict with the C.I.O. sharpened late in April, Green suddenly appointed an investigating committee consisting of Mr. John P. Frey, the C.I.O.'s chief prosecutor, and two other right-wingers of the Council. The tacit understanding that the A.F. of T. would be allowed to choose one member of the investigating committee was ignored. Messrs. Linville and Kline, who had bolted Local Five and the A.F. of T. and organized the dual-union Teachers Guild, were permitted to act as chief prosecutors. And so the A.F. of L. Council proceeded to violate the autonomy rights guaranteed to an international union by the A.F. of L. constitution. There were *sotto voce* rumors that because of the A.F. of T.'s 1935 stand in favor of a Labor Party and industrial unionism, some trumped-up grounds would be found for suspending it. These predictions did not come to pass.

Instead, the A.F. of L. Council recommended revocation of Local Five's charter. The Council thereby hoped, many teachers believe, to achieve the same end as the suspension of the A.F. of T. without the same trouble. Local Five, members of the union point out, organized 2700 teachers this year and sponsored the organization of more than 3000 teachers in the W.P.A. Local 453. Local Five prevented the dismissal of Morris U. Schappes and twelve other staff members from the City College of New York. Local Five stopped the dismissal of a probationary high-school teacher who had no tenure. Local Five accomplished these things because of its progressive trade-union policies. But it is these policies—inner-union democracy leading to militant action, organization along industrial-union lines, etc.—which are anathema to the A.F. of L. Council; it is these policies which are winning the acclaim of the whole A.F. of T. Breaking Local Five, the largest local in the A.F. of T., the Executive Council hoped, would perhaps stem the progressive direction of the A.F. of T. as a whole. It would, perhaps, keep the A.F. of T. from coming out for unity as against the splitting tactics of the A.F. of L. Council. It would, perhaps, restrain the A.F. of T. from taking concrete action toward the formation of a Farmer-Labor Party.

On all of these issues, as the delegates convened, it looked as if the A.F. of T.'s direction would not be to Green's satisfaction. The convention also took under consideration the question of participation in the work of the American League Against War and Fascism.

BUT the basic issue in the eyes of the teachers is the problem of organizing the unorganized. As one teacher in the Cleveland delegation put it: "We can be of service to the C.I.O., the Labor Party, and the American League only in so far as we become a real mass union." There was a feeling which you could not escape noting among the delegates, that the A.F. of T. can be made the dominant national teacher organization in America. They have good reasons for this belief. During the past year the A.F. of T. acquired 54 new locals and has increased its membership by more than 6000, bringing its national membership to over 18,000. The significant point about this growth, however, is that for the first time the A.F. of T. has made real inroads into the college field. This university growth was reflected in the Council's recommendation that a national college section be set up with representation on the Council.

AS you talk with delegates from various parts of the country, you get a picture of the American teacher's status which differs little from the status of American workers in general. From Wisconsin, where a new local was recently formed, you hear of thirteen union members being fired and of the union being attacked as an organization coercing teachers into its ranks. From St. Louis, you hear of a Board of Education by-law forbidding teachers to belong to a union. From Memphis, Tenn., you learn that the teachers have been ordered to give up their membership in the A.F. of T. if they wish to get contracts for the coming year. At the same time you hear of teachers being forced to join state teachers' associations usually dominated by supervisors and resembling company unions.

From Philadelphia you hear that the real-estate boards have instigated a Legislative Committee inquiry into school costs as a means of securing reductions in real-estate (school) taxes. From Alabama, you discover that forty counties closed schools in March and that by June more than fifty of Alabama's sixty-seven counties had found their school funds exhausted. From Minnesota, you hear that the union is fighting the passage of a loyalty-oath bill and another bill that would eliminate state property tax levy and thereby deprive the schools of $9,000,000 of state aid. From Illinois, you hear that among questions submitted to candidates for election to the Galesburg School Board was one that ran: "If you are elected as a school director, will you stand for and protect the right of the teachers and janitors [!] to exercise their constitutional rights? . . ." From Rev. Claude Williams of Arkansas, recently kidnapped and beaten with Willie Sue Blagden for daring to investigate the death of a sharecropper, you hear that whereas $30 is spent by Arkansas for the education of each white child, only $1 is spent for each Negro child.

YOU also hear of brilliant successes in defeating "economy" programs, in electing labor slates to boards of education, and in warding off attacks on academic freedom. You hear of successful organizational drives. But through all the talk runs one note. The preservation and extension of gains are possible only if unity is preserved within the A.F. of T. and the A.F. of L. on a progressive and far-sighted program.

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Steel's Frankenstein Monster

MARGUERITE YOUNG

THREE thousand United States Steel employees swinging over *en masse* to the industrial union—and from a company union!

Big steel is worried. Vice-President Arthur H. Young spoke to me ruefully of what is happening in the United States Steel company unions which he sired.

Did someone mention Frankenstein? . . .

"Certainly I don't like these developments. I deplore them."

Vice-President Young added wistfully, "I would like to see John L. Lewis off the map."

He figured at least 25 percent of his 962 employee representatives are pro-C.I.O. Worse, he lamented, the situation presents certain aspects about which there's just nothing he and his confreres can do.

Everywhere in the Pennsylvania-Ohio-West-Virginia area I found company-union leaders in on the organizing campaign. One or two, sometimes a majority, always a few at least were aiding the Steel Workers Organizing Committee. In what was known as Black Valley, where Fannie Sellins's skull was smithered by deputies in 1919, Allegheny Steel company-union men were coming around to the back door of union headquarters after the moon was down. They came sweating from their turns, in Homestead and Braddock and McKeesport and Aliquippa, to speak publicly for real unionism. More than a dozen of them marched into Pittsburgh's biggest hotel to join in the S.W.O.C.'s national stock-taking session. One bowed to Chairman Philip Murray, grinning, "We thank the C.I.O. for getting us vacations with pay." He referred to the concession, granted only upon the opening of the union drive, towards demands the company-union rebels raised last winter.

A few days later Bethelehem and Big Steel and Weirton and the rest played another trump that turned out to be a deuce. One by one they announced time and a half for overtime. But immediately came the answer. Not from any "agitator." From the Edgar Thompson Works company-union representatives themselves, and unanimously! They adopted a resolution conveying rather vital details. The first time they heard of their implied request for such a pay plan was when the super called them together and told them they could have it. In fact they didn't want overtime *after forty-eight hours,* thank you. That would mean a forty-eight-hour week. What they had sought was a *forty-hour* week, with time and a half for Saturday night work and double time for Sunday. "With that demand," they finished, "we are still in accord."

Company-union representatives in the Farrell-Sharon-New Castle mills drew another resolution which they thought would be adopted throughout their territory. A resolution pledging themselves to fight for any worker discriminated against for joining the industrial union.

You can see why they joke about Arthur Young's plight. They say Big Steel's right wing—for even the Corporation has its right and left wings—has dubbed *him* a Red and is ready to attach the skids. Of course, it's just a joke. Steel will maintain its company unions till it signs on the dotted line of a real union contract. It will spare no strategem to split them, isolate progressive elements, and exploit the rest. They may even deliberately encourage spurious militancy therein. The picture nationally is far from being of one color. However, the depth of the union's inroads is being demonstrated anew this week. Company-union representatives are meeting in Chicago to "revise" their plan. The labor press reports that United States Steel is sponsoring the gathering. Maybe it will seek an anti-union declaration. Maybe it will try to refurbish the company union to look more like the real thing. The company laughs this off, saying the meeting was arranged by the men. In either case the meeting may backfire. That's happened before.

I MET a company-union rebel in McKeesport. He was young, like most of the S.W.O.C.'s volunteer leadership. He was of the "American class," as steel saw to it a majority of its employee representatives were.

"They handed us our company union in 1933," he said. "We didn't understand what it was all about. We felt indifferent. We hoped maybe we'd get something from it. We didn't know how to try. How could we understand it? We had nothing to do with it. Company lawyers wrote it and spieled it to us."

The workers knew enough, however, to join the Amalgamated Association when their organizer turned up. Then they believed Section 7a would protect them. Of 3000 in the plant 2500 signed up. Then—nothing happened. There was no struggle for recognition nor for improved conditions. Men began dropping out. Their charter was suspended. Yet a small group clung together, urged this man to help revive their lodge. He did.

"The whole department knew I was implicated in the outside union. Last June, fellows who'd been out of the union for months and some who never joined came and asked me to run for company-union representative. That was the first time I saw them really take an interest in the plan."

He campaigned for "real unionism," for "An honest deal for the workers. Put new blood into the representation plan." He won the post of representative by a big majority.

"Before and afterwards, I said we could get nowhere with company unionism," said the company-union representative. "The idea was to try to get a little trade unionism into the company union. The plan provides meetings of the representatives, but not of the men. It gives us no treasury. It lets the bosses in on everything we do. We make demands—and in the minutes, always posted, they turn out to be 'requests.' That is, if they're not too popular, general demands, in which case they're just censored. If they get by, they go to committees. If the company wants to give in it does; if it don't, it just don't. That's all there is to it."

However, he promised to fight, and does. He immediately announced he would receive —of all things previously unheard of—written rank-and-file demands, without names attached. Another curse of company unionism was that representatives who dared speak up, alone, felt the whip. This was something different. This company-union representative soon received a written notice, "We catchers ask the same wages per ton as the roughers get." Instead of trekking to the management, alone, he asked for a committee of his constituents, including men from each turn. This done, he asked them where they wanted to meet to talk things over—in the mill? They chorused, "Hell, no!" They drew a petition to be signed by every worker involved. *That* would go to the management, not merely the lone representative's "request" on behalf of individuals.

"Say!" one catcher called out as they concluded, "Where are them C.I.O. cards? We want to sign up." The company-union representative hadn't half enough to meet the demand.

For a couple of reasons these men are safe in their jobs. The company can't fire all its catchers. It did warn the representative, "Watch your step. You can't carry water on both shoulders." This lad, however, is punctilious on the job at which he's recognized as one of the plant's best workers, in his conventional company-union chores. His recent activities have trebled his prestige—as the management learned when its threat evoked a swarm of protest leaflets.

The lid's been popping around the edges for over a year.

Last summer the employee representatives of fourteen plants in the Chicago area formed a district council, the Associated Iron and Steel Representatives of the Chicago Wage District. It was fantastic, incredible. Company-union representatives ignoring the essence of company unionism. Getting together to compare wage scales among companies that always alibied by claiming some competitor paid less. Announcing they would

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fight together for higher wages, meeting every month, alone. Men from Carnegie-Illinois, Youngstown Sheet and Tube, Inland, and others.

The thing spread. Representatives of twelve American Sheet and Tin Plate plants held a convention at New Castle, Pa. They had faced the usual strangler—no money. They had saved from their classic activity, picnics, and the management, seeing that they would finally meet anyway, agreed to pitch in. So the officials presented themselves, headed by Arthur Young. The men listened. But next day they voted to exclude the official gentlemen, and laid down a program: elimination of management's arbitrary authority to hire and fire; assured reference of grievances to an umpire following stalemate under the plan's elaborate rigmarole; increases in company pensions; above all, a companywide 15 percent wage increase. These were presented to the company the next month. And turned down cold.

BUT rebellion mounted. Jones & Laughlin, Republic, National Tube, and Carnegie-Illinois plants in Pennsylvania saw the same demands articulated. Gary — which officials now call the "raw meat" spot—witnessed an assemblage of the representatives of 48,000 Carnegie-Illinois mill hands. Republic fired a leading rebel, but its Cleveland workers merely doubled their defiance. They sent delegates to other centers to confer on action. This idea also traveled the grapevine, and was adopted widely in the now seething Pittsburgh-Illinois districts. Spontaneously representatives began to do such things as vote to call in the superintendent and charge him directly with a blast furnace death.

Sometimes the men won wage increases for small groups in a plant, but when it came to general improvements they got the same old cold shoulder. And still they fought on. In November every Carnegie-Illinois representative received a letter from John Mullen, Chairman at Clairton, inviting them to a get-together in Pittsburgh. Mullen, who was to become the star witness of the LaFollette labor-spy investigation by taking a job to get the evidence under a government detective's surveillance, welcomed some fifty fellows informally. They discussed demands, pretty much the same as had been voiced at New Castle, and decided upon a formal delegate assembly. These in turn elected a Central Committee. They went to President Benjamin Fairless on June 1. Fairless simply said no. Recognize the Central Committee? Management wouldn't even print ballots for a referendum on it. "Which," Johnny Mullen perceived, "is the tipoff." So he became an S.W.O.C. organizer.

Meanwhile another hoydenish movement had been generated. In plant after plant appeared a drive to put union men into the company union leadership! And everywhere they garnered big majorities. One or more swept through in Rankin, Braddock, Homestead, the McKeesport Tin Plate mill. Gary, the "raw meat" spot, turned in twenty out of twenty-two such candidates. Gary, where first the strike front was broken in 1919 by regular army troops!

Soon other company-union representatives presented themselves as volunteers for industrial organization in Duquesne, Jones and Laughlin's Pittsburgh plant, Youngstown, Cleveland, and elsewhere.

Facing an ever more impoverished life, the steel workers yet would not give up—that's all. Particularly not the class-conscious ones. These were sought out, down deep in the ranks in Chicago. Some people in the field said the original impulse came from members of the Amalgamated Association who had been expelled for the rank-and-file organizing drive following the 1934 strike fiasco. At any rate the most militant of those soon were active with the company-union representatives. The latter needed advice—their constituents, despite the lack of a channel for so much as organized expression, were pressing for action. Many of the company-union leaders themselves were restive. When they took the first step in Chicago, they discovered that even men who had been paralyzed by fear, by "American class" superiority notions nurtured by the bosses' divide-and-rule technique, and by bitter trade-union experience under reactionary leadership, suddenly came alive.

The then projected C.I.O. drive was another catalyzer. And John L. Lewis in turn found himself in a tide of letters, wires, delegations.

The great weakness of the company-union rebellion was the continuing absence of alert, active constituencies, and of organic connection with the labor movement. Some groups of representatives did mobilize masses by sponsoring workers' meetings—and the result was that these masses immediately called for formal, independent organization. It was the first of these mass organizations, one formed under employee representatives' sponsorship in the South Works at Chicago, that made the first mass bolt into the industrial union!

IT will take many more like it, both in and outside the company-union framework, to bring the S.W.O.C. drive to victory. Its first six weeks saw solid foundations laid. It gathered more than 1500 volunteer organizers to work with the sixty-five full-time and thirty part-time C.I.O. crew. It produced the beginning of agitation for, and some organizational steps toward, backstopping the steel workers with community-wide support. Special efforts were launched to form women's auxiliaries to blot out forever the kitchen-scab hazard that unorganized wives and sisters and sweethearts once were. A few youth committees were formed—how important, I saw when columns of striplings filed through the mill gates beside veteran union men who said the boys were hired recently because, lacking experience, they might be more easily kept in tow. Attention was focused upon Negro steel workers, the S.W.O.C. taking the initiative in assuring equality, large Negro organizations responding actively—something else strategic because the Negro population has increased enormously, in some centers as much as 200 percent, since the companies deliberately imported Negro strikebreakers by tens of thousands in 1919.

What the drive lacks, strikingly, is tempo. That will come with the adoption and popularization of specific demands, such as the company-union rebels raise, such as workers continually raise with any stranger who listens to them five minutes. It will come with experience among the organizers who seem to have difficulty now in executing the policy of combining bold, open agitation with that secret organizing which is imperative in the spy-ridden, terrorized towns of steel. It will come with swifter, surer mobilization of the railroad allies who in some mill yards already have come forward on their own to aid the steel drive. It will come with less dependence upon Democratic administrations for the protection of civil rights, and more aggressive exposure and mass protests against the denial of them.

COMING out of this country, we passed Calico Hill. My friend, the driver, glanced to the right, where workers' shacks clambered up the hillside as close and drab as faded calico checks; and to the left, where the Weirton plant stretched out in black magnificence.

"To think what a society," he said, "when the people on our right enjoy something like the material advancement on our left. Nice rich country we have here. Such advanced industrial technique. Nice rolling hills too, just back there beyond Calico Hill. We could have homes tucked in among them, and here and there a school and library and theatre, and——"

This is the contradiction that stares out of every valley filled with the infernal beauty of the mills at night. Their great vase-like Bessemers open iron lips and emit flame and fiery spray, and smoke pillars into the sky; and the converters make a sighing roar, Oommoommoomm, and pour out pure steel. Black stacks soar. An overhead crane whines through the humming of motors whirling the rolls down below, near the ground. The red blooms slide out of their soaking pits, against the rolls, and clack through, a shower of iridescent points marking their elongation into still-glowing sliding lines, ingots. Making and rolling steel—at the world's richest rate of productivity. Just beside such a spectacle one night I saw a row of mill hands' houses. In an open doorway a young worker slept. How many lived in that hot little black house I could not tell. But on the windowsill of the front room I noticed a row of shoes—man's, woman's, boy's, girl's—four pairs of shoes.

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Cuban Labor Underground

JOHN L. SPIVAK

TWO years ago Cuban labor held a Congress with delegates representing 426,000 workers. Under the terror which followed the general strike in March 1935, labor leaders were arrested, imprisoned, tortured; many were killed. Today some 3,000 labor and political leaders are in various dungeons built by the Spaniards and the once powerful labor movement, which had been able to paralyze Cuban industry by folding its arms, has in a large measure disintegrated.

I heard, however, that the most militant labor body, the National Confederation of Labor of Cuba, which had been driven underground, was secretly reorganizing despite the tremendous difficulties. Though it has only a fraction of its former strength, its influence is spreading. Since dissatisfaction is widespread and the workers are extremely restless, the possibilities of the Federation taking an important part in Cuban affairs in the near future are excellent. Through contacts in the United States arrangements were made for me to see the secretary of the organization.

I knew, of course, that the organization was an underground one and that the secretary was hunted high and low by Batista's secret police, but it was difficult to realize that leaders of labor unions not approved by the government were hunted in the same way they are in Italy or Germany and that this was happening in a land virtually controlled by the United States. The caution I was urged to exercise and the details of the secret arrangements for the meeting brought home forcibly the similarity to underground activities in terror-stricken fascist countries. During all of these preparations the thought kept constantly recurring that the American financial interests, working through our state department, were in a large measure responsible for the situation that prevails in Cuba.

At the appointed day and hour I was picked up in a café in Havana by a man who spoke perfect English and who acted as translator for the secretary, who spoke only Spanish. We drove through deserted streets for half an hour with the driver turning around repeatedly to be sure, apparently, that no one was following us. When he was convinced that it was safe he made for a typical one-story Cuban house in the middle-class section of the city. In the living-room, immediately off the low porch, three men and two women sat, two of the couples playing dominoes, apparently a national pastime, for wherever I went they were almost always playing this game.

"This is the Secretary of the Confederation of Labor," he said, introducing me to the odd man who smiled and welcomed me as an old friend.

"We will go into the kitchen," the translator said, "and the others will go on with their game."

"Do you mind if I take notes?" I asked when we were seated around a little wooden table.

"Not at all," said the secretary, "but don't carry them on your person or leave them around in your hotel room. If they should be found on you or in your room—" He shrugged his shoulders.

"What would happen?"

Another shrug. "Maybe they'd send you out of the country; maybe to *Principe* (an ancient Spanish castle in Havana where labor and political prisoners are kept). I doubt whether it would make much difference that you are an American. If I were you I'd mail the notes to New York or some other place in the States. I think it would be safer."

I had an odd feeling that I was back in Nazi Germany. Somehow you expected this sort of stuff in fascist countries, but this was Cuba whose internal affairs were dominated by the Roosevelt administration, the great upholder of democracy and the right of labor to organize!

"What we want to know most in America," I began, "is what happened to the trade-union movement since it was driven underground. In the States, the newspapers are publishing stories that everything is now calm and peaceful here—"

"Not so peaceful," said the secretary.

"How many organized workers were there in Cuba before they were driven underground?"

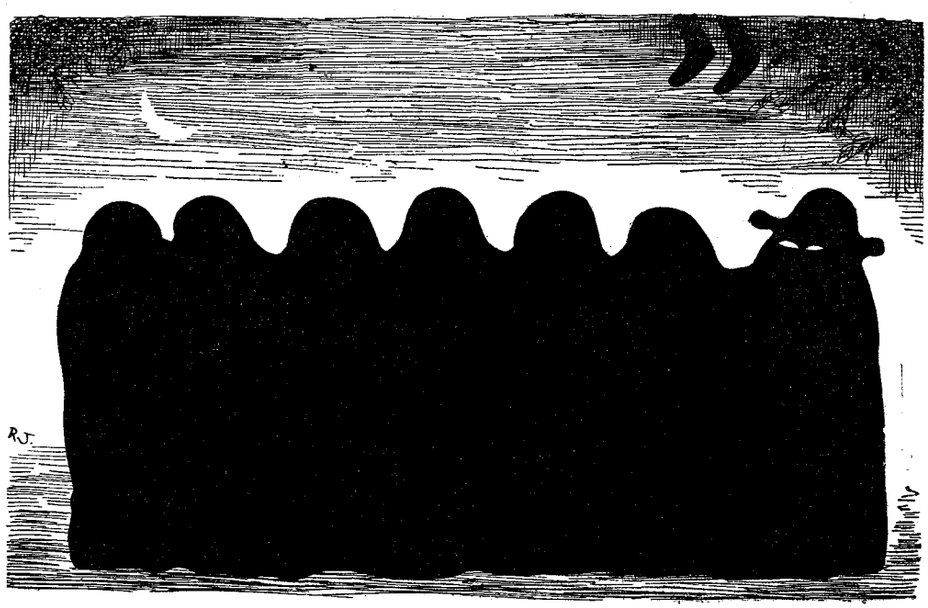
"The Fourth National Labor Convention held in 1934 was attended by delegates representing 426,000 workers. Later in 1934, many of the sugar unions were driven underground. When the general strike occurred in 1935 the membership dropped terrifically because of the government terror. Union men were simply afraid to belong to a union."

"Were these unions influenced by any particular political party?"

"Most of the unions were led by the Communist Party through its various fractions within the unions. The second largest control was exercised by the Cuban Revolutionary Party or the *Autenticos*. The *Autenticos* controlled specific unions like the Havana streetcar men and the Railroad Brotherhood of Cuba. These two parties were the chief controlling and influencing elements. Then there were a number of unions which were not controlled politically by any one group."

"Were the agricultural areas organized?"

"The Third Convention of the National Union of Sugar Workers, also held in January 1934, had delegates representing 100,000 persons. Since the March 1934 strike this figure has pretty much dwindled. In March 1935 there were not more than 10,000 organized workers through all Cuba in the sugar industry and these were hunted and persecuted with a greater intensity than was used against union men in the cities. Membership naturally dropped because the terror in the sugar areas was very great." He



"Come on, boys, let's duck out of here. These radicals have been eavesdropping on us for six weeks now." *R. Joyce*

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went on with details of arrests, imprisonment, and even cold-blooded massacres. In Baguanos, Tacajo, Senado, Jaronu, Media Luna, Nazabal, and others too numerous to list, organizers and union members were simply slaughtered. The sugar industry, in which American capital has enormous investments, was apparently determined to wipe out organized labor. "In some sugar areas," he continued, "it's as much as an organizer's life is worth today if he becomes known. Leaders of the 1934 strike are not permitted to hold office in any of the legally-recognized unions. It makes no difference if they are elected by the workers.

"There are about 200 labor leaders in prison now, chiefly on the Isle of Pines and in Principe Castle. Among them is Arturo Izer, secretary of the Cienfuegos Regional Federation, who was sentenced to thirty years. Cesar Vilar, secretary of the National Labor Confederation of Cuba, and the most beloved leader of the workers on the island, was sentenced to five and one-half years. There are other charges pending against him and the government will try to add to the length of his sentence. Lazar Pena, who succeeded Vilar as secretary, one of the most prominent leaders of the cigar-makers union, was sentenced to two years and two months, and has other charges pending. Jose Alvarez was sentenced to eighteen years. Jose Rodriguez Vilar, who has been in jail since 1925, has a twenty-five-year prison sentence. Illustrations like these could be given almost indefinitely. The whole object of the government seems to be to wipe out all labor leaders as well as union members.

"They were accused of fomenting illegal strikes in violation of Decree No. 3 which provides for compulsory arbitration. Compulsory arbitration, as you probably know, virtually eliminates the strike as a measure which workers can use. The terror is so great that if a worker who once participated in a strike visits the region where the strike occurred and is seen talking with workers, the government assumes that he is there to organize a strike. It is not necessary for the government even to prove that he tried to organize the workers. The mere fact that he was seen talking to workers is considered sufficient evidence in the eyes of the military dictatorship. A great many workers have been sentenced to prison terms on that assumption alone."

He paused for a moment, and continued quietly: "It's enough for a secret-service man to go into court and say that he accuses the man of plotting insurrection and a strike for sentence to be passed."

A sudden burst of laughter came from the living-room where the two couples were playing dominoes. Whether we were in the home of one of the couples or whether a house had been borrowed for the occasion without the owner even knowing the purpose for which it was to be used, I did not know and it's the sort of thing one does not inquire about in talking with underground leaders. But everyone in that room would have received long prison terms had the police even suspected that this quiet family game, which could probably have been duplicated at that hour a thousand times in Havana alone, was a front to give the meeting the semblance of a quiet evening spent at home.

"There is another interesting point," the secretary continued. "You can go into a Havana book store and buy Marxist books openly. They are on sale legally. But if a searching party should find one of these books in your house, it is enough to get you a six months' sentence! Recently a man who had an appeal published by the Mexican United Front was picked up and he was given two years for having it in his possession."

"Of course that depends on what the appeal said," I remarked.

"That's just it," he laughed. "The United Front appeal urged revolutionaries to drop their talk of immediate insurrection and work to achieve their aims through constitutional changes!"

"Then why—?"

"The military dictatorship is afraid of the Cuban United Front efforts so they sentence men to prison for advocating any sort of a merging of workers, liberals, and others. Batista does not want to see Constitutional government and what he does not want pretty much goes. It is a military dictatorship no matter what the government says in its publicity releases."

"Were any unions permitted to function legally after the 1935 strike wave?"

"The most conservative unions were reorganized, aided by men attached to Batista —like the Cuban Railroad Brotherhood and several harbor unions. If Batista did not have his own men directing the unions he had men in executive positions and the others were afraid to do anything lest it be reported to Batista."

"What happened to the unions when they were driven underground in 1935?"

"All known leaders were expelled from the factories immediately. The ensuing terror frightened the average union member, with the result that membership dropped all around. The most militant began to work illegally but the penalty for union activities were so great that most workers just dropped out of the picture."

"So organized labor is virtually illegal now —with the exception of what we might call company or government-controlled unions which are of no more value to the workers than similar unions in Italy or Germany?"

"No," he said shaking his head. "You can't say that labor is altogether illegal. Labor is legal with the exception of the sugar workers and local federations in and around Havana. There is a legal labor movement, growing slowly and not controlled by the government. The desire of the workers to organize is so great that even Batista cannot deny all efforts to organize. Of course, these legal unions cannot function as independently and aggressively as before, but I should say there are approximately 65,000 to 70,000 organized workers functioning legally today.

"The important thing you must understand is that Batista's army is labor's greatest enemy. Decree No. 3 has from time to time produced decisions favorable to labor but Cuba is under a military dictatorship, and under a dictatorship legal processes can be brushed aside. Batista would prefer to see us try illegal measures. Let me illustrate: a few weeks ago the workers in Swift's plant— the Cuban branch of the American concern— had a meeting. Batista, as usual, had his *agents provocateurs* in the union and these made impassioned pleas for a strike. The Communists who were present, however, opposed it—"

"Communists opposed a strike—?" I began.

"Yes, in this particular case," he smiled, "and I think they were absolutely right. Had a strike been called at that time, the union would have been destroyed. That was exactly what Batista wanted."

"Approximately how many members are there now in the illegal unions?"

He thought carefully for a moment, then said: "It is impossible to estimate the number. The Cuban labor movement is working under great difficulties and it is not always possible to get the complete membership list."

I could not tell whether he really did not know the number in the underground movement or whether he did not want to say, to avoid bringing on another intense drive against labor. I did not press the point. I had heard that the trade-union movement was now trying to concentrate its energies on organizing a united front so as to bring pressure upon the government for a return of Constitutional rights so they could function legally, and I asked whether all the trade unions, legal and illegal, were in the united front efforts.

"Many of the trade unions are not in the united front but they are not hostile to it, either. We hope that as the united front consolidates they will come in. The only organization so far which flatly refuses to come in is the Cuban Railroad Brotherhood, though it was one of the originators of the movement. That is due chiefly to a military element on its board of directors and this element brings pressure from Batista.

"Despite all these difficulties, however, the united front is the most important step the Cuban labor movement took after the 1935 strike. The Cuban worker is in a pretty desperate condition due to wage cuts, increased working hours, and the general ignoring of the laws favorable to labor passed under the Grau administration. Labor realizes it cannot strike, it cannot do many of the things it could when it was free, so the immediate task is the united-front effort to get back democratic rights so it can function freely. But the united-front movement is young; it is not sufficiently known as yet by the people, by even many labor circles. We must wait and see what happens."

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"Has the present administration done anything at all to better the conditions of the workers which were partly responsible for the great wave of unrest last year?"

"There has been no change in the labor situation. Gomez has taken some steps to enforce the laws favorable to labor, laws like those providing vacations with pay, inspection of factories, and so on. But Gomez himself is encountering difficulties because Batista opposes him. The military openly supports the employers and frequently steps into social problems without any legal right. In general, the hours of work and living conditions are worse than a few years ago. Wages obtained after the 1933 and 1934 struggles have been cut and as a result there is considerable unrest and a growing determination to end these conditions. The efforts to organize are evidence of it."

"Vacations with pay, inspection of factories, and other items like those are important, of course. But is that all that organized labor wants?"

"The improvement of living and working conditions is, of course, primary," he said quickly. "But we know there cannot be a fundamental change in conditions until we have attained national liberation and we can achieve that only by regaining our national economy which is now in foreign hands. The fact that the Cuban people want this so much accounts for the influence the *Autenticos* and the Communists have among them because these two parties advocate this program.

"At the moment we are chiefly concerned with immediate needs. We want a general amnesty law for all labor and political prisoners except the *Machadistas;* we want a restoration of democratic civil liberties so the people can express their desires through the ballot."

"And eventually what do you want?"

"Our own sovereignty," he said simply. "A democratic form of government. After that—many things. Nationalization of public utilities, diversification of crops, reorganization of educational methods, nationalization of the banking system, protection to industries, as well as agrarian reform—"

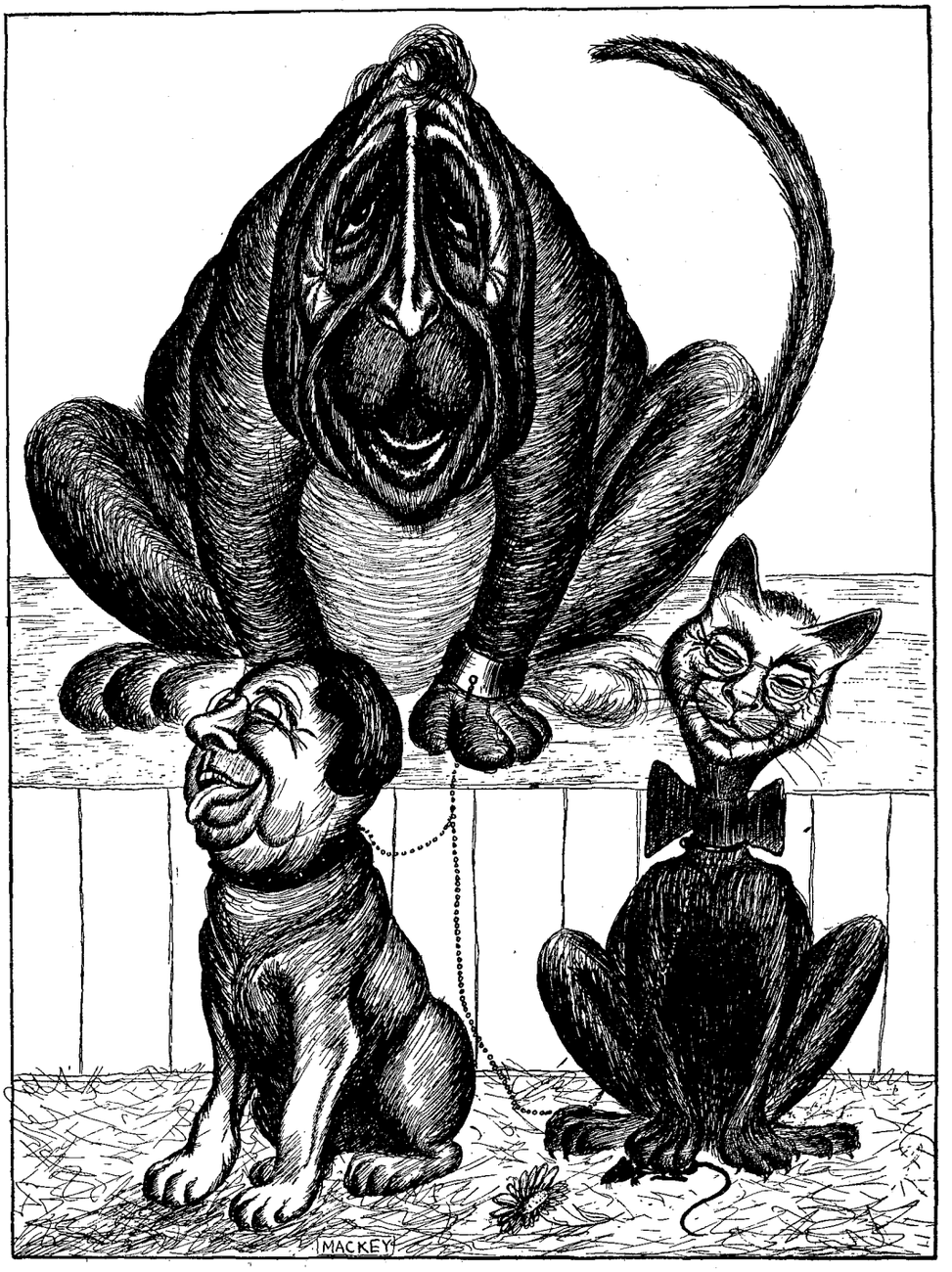
"That's an ambitious program," I commented as I put my notes away.

"Yes, but it can be done. It will be done. It will take time, of course, but first, if Cuba is to remain peaceful, we must have democracy."

In the living room the game of dominoes was still going on. When we walked in the players smiled cheerfully and one of them said, "We will continue playing until you have gone."

The translator and the secretary escorted me to one of two cars parked in front of the house. We shook hands and the secretary got into one of the cars while the translator got into the other with me. I watched the car the secretary was driven off in—to be hunted by Batista's men, never knowing how long his liberty would last, always with the terror of long prison years or death ahead of him should he be caught—all because he was trying to organize workers into unions and seeking what had turned out to be the refrain of the underground movement's desires: democracy, freedom to express their wishes at the polls, and to exercise their rights as workers.

Only in fascist countries had I seen or heard anything like this, and Cuba, I concluded, had its own brand of fascist procedure not so very different from that in Nazi Germany, a brand for which the United States is in a great measure responsible. I couldn't help thinking that whatever reign of terror may sweep through Cuba in the future, whatever death and destruction may come when a crushed people rise in desperation, the business masters of the United States will be largely to blame. It is to protect their profits that the Washington Administration meddles so ominously in the internal affairs of Cuba.



Mackey.

UNNATURAL HISTORY—I

In the background is the blood-sucking hound, *Hearstus sansimeoni,* a carnivorous wild dog sometimes confused with the Australian dingo because of its generic name, "jingo." Its habitat is California, but its eerie howls can be heard thousands of miles away. Feeds mostly on humans, attacking without warning, but when cornered it will whine for mercy. In the left foreground is the laughing Chicago bull (*Knoxus obnoxius*). Lives chiefly on newsprint and as a consequence suffers from gaseous disorders. On the right is the famous short-haired Kansas tabby (*Mossmanus landonus*). Legend has it that this species is a direct descendant of the Cheshire cat and the cat that caught the canary. It is a very fashionable pet this year with the polo-playing and night-riding set.—JOHN MACKEY.

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Fourth-Estate Fascism

JOSEPH FREEMAN

ON August 9 the Hearst press published a full page "warning," in red and black ink, signed by Lieut.-Col. Orvel Johnson, director-general of the Reserve Officers Training Corps Association. The "warning" was against the alleged "conspiracies and encroachments of Communist forces on your government, your property, your liberty." It was a systematic collection of bunk, typical of fascists the world over. One of Johnson's most fantastic lies was that "secret Red army forces, first-aid and medical squads, fully uniformed and equipped, have been organized in the United States."

In a protest to Secretary of War Dern, the Communist Party branded Colonel Johnson's statement as a deliberate libel and an act of fascist provocation, and demanded that he be removed for his "criminal slanders." The protest, signed by William Z. Foster and Earl Browder, pointed out that the Communist Party is not a conspiratorial or terrorist sect, but a legal party and an integral part of the American labor movement.

There do exist, the protest pointed out, groups in the United States which *are* secretly arming. They are the fascists and semi-fascists in the Black Legion, Ku-Klux Klan, and the various vigilante and strike-breaking groups used by the employers against labor. The Communist Party has been in the forefront in uncovering the conspiratorial actions of these secretly drilled and armed terrorists. The press has charged that the members of the Black Legion in Michigan were equipped and drilled by officers of the National Guard. Will the War Department permit the R.O.T.C. to become part of the fascist network?

What the War Department intends to do about the Red-baiting activities of army officers remains to be seen. But the vigorous protest of the Communist Party against Colonel Johnson is only one of several actions it is now taking in that direction.

CONSIDER, for example, the case of the Topeka *State Journal*. This paper, issued in Landon's home town, is edited by ex-Governor Henry J. Allen, Landon's political mentor. Allen's anti-labor record is notorious. He was the father of the compulsory arbitration courts set up in Kansas. He made ruthless war upon the miners' union headed by Alex Howatt. Now he is an outstanding figure in the Kansas cabal that polished up Alf Landon for the Republican nomination.

On June 25, Allen's Topeka *State Journal* published a pledge which it alleged was sworn to by Communists. This read: "I do solemnly swear that I hold in contempt all institutions of capitalism, including ecclesiastical and secular; its flag, its courts, its codes, its churches and religions; that I will obey all summons of the elected officials of this order under penalty of death, and spare neither time, effort or money to obey, even to the last drop of my blood."

Go to the nearest competent psychiatrist, and he will tell you about the pathological symptom of "projection." The homicidal paranoiac who is about to kill an innocent bystander attributes his own murderous impulses to others. The pledge attributed by the Landon organ to the Communists is lifted almost bodily from the published pledge of the Black Legion. Communists take no oath of any kind.

But here we are dealing with more than a psychological aberration. The fake Communist pledge is published and circulated by sane, conscious, unscrupulous men engaged in a dirty political campaign. Under ordinary circumstances, a responsible newspaper will publish no serious charge against any individual or any group without first authenticating that charge. No such awe for accuracy exists in respect to the Communists. On the contrary, deliberate care is taken to distort, falsify, and slander.

As might have been expected, smaller newspapers aped the great daily of Topeka. On July 2, the Howell County *Gazette,* of West Plains, Missouri, published an article citing the alleged Communist oath sprung upon a startled Middle West by the Allen-Landon sheet. Fortunately, the Communist Party called the bluff of its detractors. It notified both the *Gazette* and the *State Journal* that it would sue them for libel if they did not retract their falsehoods.

The threat had its effect. On July 30, the Howell County *Gazette* published a retraction. "We are now officially informed by the Communist party," the Gazette explained, "that this is not and never has been a part of their pledge, and in fact, that they never have had a pledge of any kind. . . . We never wish to misrepresent anyone at any time, and since the Communists have given us this information, we gladly express our regret at having allowed to slip into our columns the article mentioned."

The Topeka *State Journal* did not have the grace to speak thus honestly. On August 8 it published an editorial entitled "Retraction, Without Apology." This time the Allen-Landon sheet took a new line. It seemed that the pledge was originally that of the I.W.W., and later the I.W.W. "became universally known as the American Communists." Then the Communists found the alleged I.W.W. oath "somewhat limited." So they adopted a new pledge which bound party members to "rally the masses to the Soviet Union . . . to remain at all times a vigilant and firm defender of the Leninist line of the party."

Very cute of the *State Journal*. There are only three things wrong with its explanation. First, the I.W.W. never had any oath for its members, neither the Black Legion oath attributed to it by the Allen-Landon sheet nor any other. Second, the I.W.W. never became universally known as the "American Communists." The I.W.W. always was and to this very day has remained an independent organization, an industrial trade-union group which has nothing to do with the Communist Party. Third, the Communists do not take any oath whatsoever. In short, the Allen-Landon paper retracted one lie by uttering three others.

THE Communist Party is engaged in a struggle to provide jobs and a living wage for all. It demands old-age pensions and social security to be paid for by taxing the rich who control the wealth of this country. It seeks to free the farmers from their intolerable debt burdens. It fights to defend and extend democratic rights and civil liberties. It urges curbing the usurped, autocratic power of the Supreme Court by constitutional amendment. It demands that America keep out of war by keeping war out of the world.

In struggling for these things, the Communist Party does so not as a secret conspiratorial sect. It is an open, legal party dedicated to achieving socialism in America by making the millions conscious that socialism alone can solve our basic problems. And it labors toward that lofty goal without crack-brained oaths, without advocating force or violence. On this point the Communist Party has been emphatically clear. The Communists speak of the burning issues which confront the American people today more clearly, more forcefully, more fundamentally, more sincerely than any other party in the election campaign. That is why the Hearst-Liberty League-Landon-Coughlin tribe is forced to distort. That is why the reaction floods the country with fake Communist "pledges."

The Communist Party is to be congratulated for taking vigorous action against those who slander and malign it. Let us hope the Communists will go down the line of the mendacious reactionary papers and apply the libel law to compel the retraction of lies; and that the liberal press will energetically expose the net of falsehood which reaction seeks to weave around progress. In this way, truth will have a better chance to prevail, and the real issues of the election campaign—bread, work, democracy, peace—will stand out in all their supreme importance.

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Is Europe a Success?

ILYA EHRENBOURG

ON a silver screen. Racing cars. Round and round, they leap like bugs and fall over. Ambulance men with stretchers. Yelling crowds. Blinking spots of light hurt the eyes. Then a race of waiters balancing trays. Next a race of midinettes with dainty hat boxes. Panting greyhounds flash after electric hares. Airplanes roar. One of them carries a skull. Not as a symbol, merely the manufacturer's trademark. Ladies and gentlemen, the entertainment is over. Now asthmatic tanks crawl up. Over red-hot stones of Africa shepherds from Umbria and fishermen from Liguria are running in file. The "dare-devil" squadron, those with the skull, are dropping bombs. A gentleman somewhere in the back shouts: "Down with England!" His moustache is close-clipped and he sports the same skull in his buttonhole. Next to us are two lovers. They came in search of charitable darkness. They kiss sadly and hurriedly. The light might come up at any moment, or these skull-emblazoned birds might suddenly appear and drop speedy, portable, stupid death. Hurry up with your lovemaking! Midinettes, run faster with your hat boxes! Madmen racing, stock-exchange returns, screeching of shells, motor buses, the grey ripple of newspapers, final heats, to which there is but one finish—death.

I close my eyes: I cannot bear looking either at the ushers or the bombers. The cracked voice of a ham tragedian: "Forward, proletarian and fascist Italy." It is a lie, like a thick fog, the breathing of a thousand tired men, misery. Was it for this that little Beppo, the tinsmith of Arezzo, died at Adowa? Nero sighed: "Ah, a great actor is perishing!" There were no newsreels then. . . .

I open my eyes. Enormous balls. There is something horribly ugly, shapeless and disgusting crawling over them; the balls flatten out. The slimy mass grows. I would like to get up and shout: why do you torture us, human beings, on this bereaved evening? After the tanks at a German "harvest festival," after the skulls and the speeches, after all this bloody hodgepodge, why bring in this prehistoric death-struggle? Is it the nightmare of a typhus victim? Visions? Mockery? The monotonous voice of the commentator intones: "Sleeping sickness microbe. It absorbs the blood corpuscles. Apathy follows. Then death. This is the end of the program. Good night."

Will our grandchildren ever realize what it meant to have lived in the period of fascism? It does not seem possible that the yellowed, shriveled pages should preserve all the rage, the shame, the passion. Maybe, in the heyday of another age, filled with sunlight and deep-hued verdure, there will descend a moment of silence: it will be our voice. What have they done to Europe?

A train, heated and excited as though it were alive, as though it were a steed, is galloping through the lands. In case the historian of the future should want to make use of this information let us not omit to mention that this particular autumn had beautiful and clear days. Despite the calendar, cherry trees bloomed for the second time. Fresh grass made a merciful drape for the impoverished land. Rain poured down in a merry patter, like childish tears, quickly followed by bright sunshine. Storms thundered as in May, and in the evenings the heat lightning illumined the forms of the girls of Champagne as they gathered the harvest of dusky grapes in fields where twenty years earlier dying men prayed for a drop of water. All of Europe looks like a park; so much labor has gone into the tilling of every plot of land, every bit of garden, every flower bed; the same love that has marked the mountains of coal at Charleroi, the apple orchards of Normandy, the tall chimneys of Ruhr, the turbines amid the tempestuous waters of Piedmont.

TERRIBLE and cruel is the tale of these stones. It is hard for an outsider to admire the arches in Rome, the Thames embankment, the Escurial or the Gardens of Versailles: it is a history of violence, deceit, superstition, and destruction. At the same time it is also a tale of lofty creation. From our childhood we have loved this unhappy, great, and half-dead continent.

In a dream we have roamed the tangled and mysterious streets of Paris, those arteries of the universe, where every house seemed like a date in history to us.

We were frightened and we rejoiced when the pale shadows of England, like faintly shaded engravings, passed before us: her heartless money-lenders, her poets, her hypocrites, her fogs, her laughter! Somewhere, in a black cubicle among the lawsuits of Gray's Inn, the warmed-up ale, the fog, and the priggish constitution, there had played and suffered our contemporary, our friend, our comrade, poor little Oliver Twist.

With what emotion and intensity we looked up to Germany, the "liver" of Europe! When we repeated that "Germany invented the moon," we had in mind not alone her clever technicians; we were wise to the night watches illumined by invisible light, and the wonderful rhythm of Essen never prevented our hearing the rustle of the still uncut beeches. We remembered the little house in Treves—Marx was born there, but the unadulterated cops have turned it into a police station. There is another house on a quiet street of Weimar, where zealots driven into the underground pay honor today to a man who cried, as he lay dying: "Light!" We remember, too, the Hartz mountains, and we laugh until we choke and tears stream from our eyes, for it was there the "non-Aryan" Heine communed with his alleged fatherland.

Like the name of a loved one we would

"What's that, brother? You have no hunger, unemployment, or war?" *Correll*

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utter: "Italy!" We worshipped that country not like tourists with a penchant for ruins, but like contemporaries, like children, like living beings. We adored her not because Leonardo had once lived there, we loved her because every stonemason of Piedmont realized the meaning of human dignity. At this moment I am thinking of Gogol, the Russian writer who suffocated among the dead souls, the twin Nosdrevs and Pushkins, those that scoured the broad acres of Russia and those that nestled in their own souls. In Italy Gogol was to learn not only of freedom, but how to breathe. I am also thinking of Herzen, another Russian; for one hour he stepped out of his exalted solitude—it was in the midst of a Roman crowd on a merry day of revolution.

I HAVE been fortunate. I have known a living Italy. I remember the warm welcome of peasants of Tuscany, the People's House in Sienna, proud men on strike, wine as warm as blood, and all the generosity of the Italian temperament.

In one of the ancient churches of Lucca there is a painting depicting the dance of death. Against a background of Tuscany's hills laden with bronze-colored vineyards, with fleecy sheep and cypresses black as the southern night, we see a dangling skeleton wearing a beret: it is death. Beneath the painting the naïve artist has written:

> You have labored, laughed and lived,
> And now you are dancing with me.
> You have said: tomorrow will bring me luck,
> And I tell you: tomorrow is nothing.

Of course, death has learnt much in the course of six centuries. She has dressed up the skeleton, given him a shirt, black or brown or blue. She has no objection to exchanging the church bell for jazz, cannon, or even speeches. Without blinking an eyelash she screeches into the microphone: "Forward, proletarian Italy!"

And so the ball opens in Ethiopia's wastes. Where will the dance take place on her next day out, on the fields of Latvia, or on the banks of the Rhine?

The three-year-olds were permitted to say "mama." At five they were made to yell, little arms raised: "*Mare nostrum*—the Mediterranean Sea is ours!" Myriads of others bristling sullenly caught up the refrain: "The sea is ours! Nice is ours! Africa is ours!" Theirs were no dreams of happiness or the quest for justice. Asleep they were ripping the map of Europe into shreds, like a hysterical woman tearing her lace handkerchief. Their own poor dispossessed, what else can they do than rob their neighbors? The five-year-olds have grown up. They are placed behind machine guns.

They all have their own cries. And all repeat the same:

> Memel is ours! Strasbourg is ours! Brno is ours!
> Bratislava is ours! Kosice is ours! Banat is ours!
> Ostrava is ours! Gomel is ours! Kiev is ours!
> Great Germany forever to the shores of the Mediterranean!
> Great Poland to the Black Sea!
> Great Italy—to the skulls in the heart of Africa's desert!

Postcards—they must be sent to the soldiers in Ethiopia. A beautiful girl smiles, a bird offers the hero a laurel wreath with the inscription: "The Mediterranean Sea is ours." No matter that the beauty is half starved, that it is not laurels that await the hero, but dysentery and fever, that the sea is far from being "ours," that upon its waters British warships float in deep concern—death nestles closer to the dancer: "Let's go around once again."

Standard form telegram No. 4: "Am well. I rejoice you are a hero. Long live great Italy!"

No. 7: "For my heroic deeds I have earned a citation. Ethiopia is ours!"

The hero, he who sent telegram No. 7, is already invalided to Rhodes. His citation was well earned; all he paid for it was one leg. He used to be a wine grower on the hillsides of Orvieto, and was fond of dancing with the girls. Then why does he hop now like a stork? Is it because Ethiopia is "ours" and that the poor devils of Orvieto have long ago been despoiled of everything? Is it because there had once existed a Julius Cæsar? Or is it perhaps because death longs to dance?

I happened to be in Rome when black shirts killed Matteotti. Outside a modest house lay unpretentious wreaths, laid there by impoverished Italian women. Telegrams designated by numbers? Where should the flowers be carried now? Now that not just one single man is caught in the murderers' clutches, but all of proletarian Italy, whose name is taken in vain by the dancing master—Death.

"We shall free the slaves of Ethiopia!" I remember seeing walls of Italian cities covered with inscriptions: "Long live the Soviets!" They were written with coal. They were paid for with blood. Slaves in Addis Ababa? To be sure. . . . But how many workers of Milan and Turin are perishing on the Islands of Lipari? Emancipators of slaves!

A RAINY night. Well-fed, corpulent young men tramp along the deserted streets of Paris. On the 6th of February they were burning motor buses and cutting stripes on horses' hides with razors. They are shouting "Down with sanctions! Long live peace!" In their pockets they carry revolvers, rubber billies, knives. Naturally, they are for peace. For peace with death. And the revolvers? The revolvers are against French workers.

Decrepit academicians, authors of smutty novels, Bourbon hangers-on issued a "manifesto" hailing, in the name of the flower of the French nation, the fascist invasion of Ethiopia. I approached one writer: "Is it true that you have lent your name to this document?" In reply I received this dreary and pathetic note:

> I do not know the meaning of fascism or its purposes. It may sound incredible, but I have not looked at a newspaper for the past three weeks. I am over fifty years of age and I no longer have any convictions, any genuine convictions, that is, capable of impelling one to make sacrifices. . . . I change my opinions twenty times a day. . . .

This man was at one time a true artist, intransigent and incorruptible. He shall remain nameless; I wish neither to teach nor brand him. I can only think again of the shapeless mass and of the blood corpuscles: what have they done to man?

Henri Beraudt once wrote a novel entitled: *Sorrows of a Fat Man.* He could think of nothing more tragic in life than the woes of obesity. Ten years ago this champion of despised gluttons and tormented victims of gout made a pilgrimage to the Soviet Union. The sight of men who had thrown off their shackles saddened him in no small degree: the sorrows of a fat man continued. Today he becomes the author of an article: "The English Must Be Turned Back to Slavery." Down with the blood corpuscles! Long live death! What about the French? They, too, must go back to slavery! What, there won't be enough overseers with whips? Well, then, shoot them all, all, that is, excepting Beraudt, "The Crosses of War," and the cashier of the newspaper office.

French patriots clip their mustaches à la Hitler. They pin skulls on their sleeves to keep abreast with the heroes of Adowa. Some of them call themselves "Nascists"; it sounds like the German "Nazis." Others prefer the French name "Francists"; it reminds you of the Italian "Fascists." They have a Blue House in Paris to match the Brown House of Berlin. One of their leaders, warrior Revault, made it known that he would shortly write *Mein Kampf* in French—and this is just one hundred and fifty years after the great *Encyclopedia!*

Italian volunteers are deserting Nice. They depart in a hurry: there are still too many Ethiopians in Ethiopia. The "Russian Grand Duke Dimitry" comes to the station; pogrom instigators-at-large tender roses to their more fortunate brothers-in-arms. How they would wish to drop bombs upon Russian cities! All the harbingers of death are present: Gorgulev's companions, the cheer boys with both marks and liras jingling in their pockets, Hungarian counterfeiters, German spies. They hate one another, but all are tied by one bond: there is no more room for them in life, and of all things, what they hate most in the world is—life.

THE number of blood corpuscles becomes smaller and smaller. There isn't a hole left to dive in for shelter. Men walk in fear, looking furtively around on all sides. Once upon a time they had dreamed of a great future. Today, they try to protect their stunted life, like a match in the wind. We

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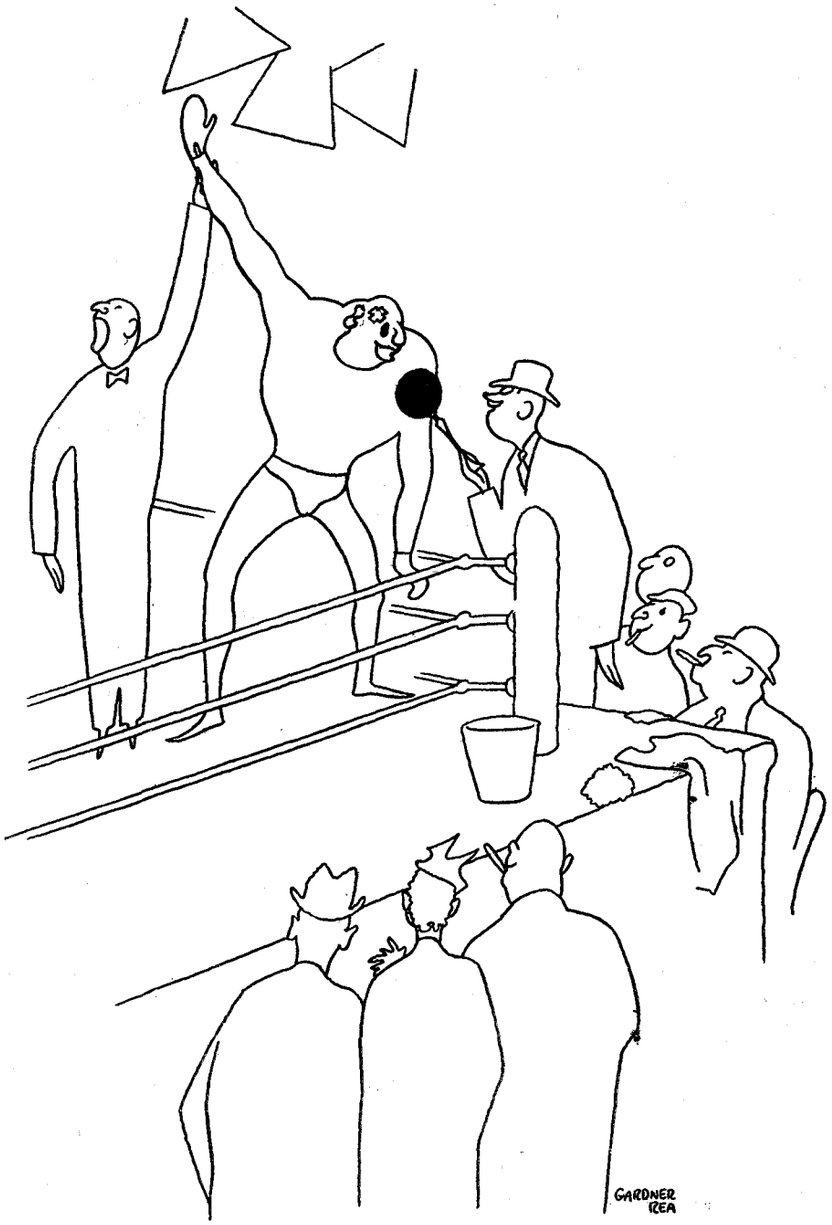
might have quoted some of Heine's verses here, but they too are under a ban. How, then, shall we tell of simple human sorrow? This happened in Dresden. He was twenty-four and she was twenty-two. There were silences and stifled breathing when it seemed that life had stopped; and the moon, the same moon, of course, which the Russians used to think was manufactured in Germany. Someone was yelling: "Memel is ours! Eupen is ours! Schleswig is ours!" But these two heard only confusedly the voice of history: they only heard within their own chests the beatings of two wretched blobs, muscles, flesh, playing-card spades, and the tattoo of the rain beating against the window pane, seeking for something that would replace the cremated little volume of Heine. What happened then? "History" knocked at the door; investigation disclosed that the boy's grandfather was a "non-Aryan." He was paraded through the streets with a placard on his chest: "I am a filthy creature." The brown horde howled. The rain beat against the pane as she stood at the window. She saw everything. With weak fingers she reached for the rope.

They have turned man's lofty and complex world into a stud farm. With the appraising eye of the master they observe the bulging biceps of the male and the broad haunches of the female. They burn books, and with veneration measure genital organs, for "Memel is ours!" "Savoie is ours!" "Kiev is ours!"—and many arms, many legs, much human flesh, are needed. I have no wish to insult the quadrupeds. There is a wonderful zoo in Berlin; maybe there the last humanists of Germany go to see the merry games of the monkeys, the kindliness of the elephant, the friendliness of the bear cub.



"Howdy, folks. I did it for Mrs. Hearst and her kiddies!" *Gardner Rea*

ANGELO TURAZZI, Fascist leader, has described how Italy prepared for victory. The heroes had already embarked for the front, but heroes crave caresses, and recruiting agents got busy enlisting women. Turazzi was confident: there would be plenty of women at the front, hundreds of brothels. Diplomats might threaten to impose sanctions on the import of raw materials into Italy but the Black Shirts were not downhearted; in Rome they got supplies of local girls; in Marseilles, French girls. One of these recruiting scouts confided to the French journalist, M. Lebec: "What we are mostly keen on are the Arabian and colored girls; they stand up best out there. The white women are out with dysentery or fever after three or four days. If the war lasts, this'll be a great business; there's lots of money—supplying munitions. . . ."

These "munitions" are women, black and white, Neapolitan and French. In the present economic crisis you can get them for a song. They are shipped like meat cargo and delivered in Africa. Counted as so many heads. When, unable to stand up for the "struggle for the great Latin culture," they succumb, the recruiters send a fresh supply. "Emancipators of slaves!"

At the writers' congress in Paris a great deal was said about protecting culture. The Reichs-chancellor himself replied to us: "Writers with Bolshevist tendencies are the murderers of culture. Herostratuses are attempting to burn every cultural treasure." In the meantime loyal subjects of the Reichs-chancellor were tipping into the fire a fresh supply of books and the flare of the conflagration was lighting up the arrogant face of the last defender of culture. The chancellor continued: "The stones of Rome remained, but what became of those who wanted to destroy Rome?" His loyal subjects bellowed vigorously; they were proud of their ancestors, the pure-blooded barbarians who laid waste to Rome with hell and fury. The chancellor went on speaking of beauty, of poetry, of inspiration. Still another man repeated Nero's words: "A great actor is perishing!" To be sure, heads can be chopped off with an ax without knowing anything about the beginning of the world's history. As for death, she is weary of walking the earth as a skeleton. She hires from the costumer's one day the military uniform of Frederick the Great, the next day, the favorite outfit of Lorenzo the Magnificent, patron of the arts. She ordered a cup, mustaches and dancing slippers—doesn't everybody know that she is a dancer?

I tremble to think of the Europe which I love. I know her hills like the body of a beloved, her great metropolises and flowering blind alleys, her poets and her drab monotony. I pass along the streets of Vienna, and I see a house where workers died defending human dignity. Shell marks, night, poverty. I recall Spain—it was there I learned to know brotherliness and hatred. I hear someone say: "Remember Gonzalez? You saw him in Jerez. They killed him." Like a madman, I still seem to be walking the straight long avenues of Berlin. The grim Norden, the bare windows of the starving homes, silence, the tramping feet of storm

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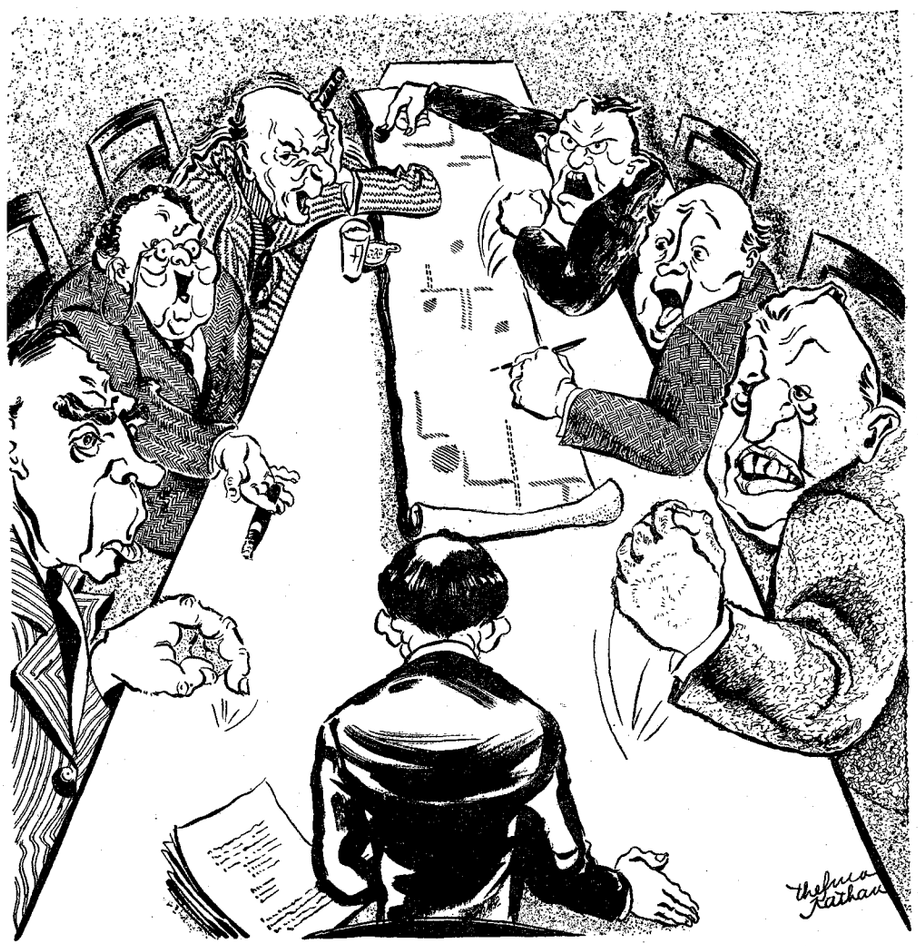
troopers. In a small beer house down this street workers used to meet. They had no money for drinks. They would lean against the wall, waiting for the fight. They were caught unaware. Tall Heinz was shot while "trying to escape." Anna was tortured by the Gestapo. All of this I must remember! I dare not forget anything. I have known countries; now they are cemeteries. I hear there still are queer individuals who travel to Florence to admire fifteenth-century art. What about Italian prisons? Within them are immured men, great men; here am I, a man who makes his living from art as does the peasant from the soil or the puddler from pouring steel, and I think that the fate of any one of these men is dearer than all the paintings in the world. There is a prison in Warsaw called "Paviak." There is a great poet living in Warsaw. Whenever I pass through Warsaw I inquire timidly: "Is he—there?" I don't want to speak any more about it; I can find no words for it; soldiers in the desert, women who are articles of commerce, heroes dragged to the scaffold, war cries, megalomaniac poses, workers' houses in ruins, starvation, shame, degradation.

A WORKERS' meeting in Paris—I came upon it by sheer accident, trying to escape from thoughts, from memories, from the darkness of the night. There are many meetings like this every evening. A crowded hall, stifling, as several thousand men and women raptly listen to the speaker. I observe their faces; the full history of toil, poverty, and misery of the Paris suburbs is written on them. Each of them has a different tale to tell. All of them are worn out, up since early dawn. Here is a Citroen worker. That woman over there has been washing clothes all day and cannot straighten her back yet. What an endless procession of grief and sorrow, great and small, disease: bronchitis, rheumatism—"My wife's been laid up in bed over a month now;" love-troubles: "She swore she loved me, but I had no job, so she went off with another." Pesky cares, like autumn flies: "Jack must have new shoes and there's no money." "Yesterday they turned off the gas." "The rent is due tomorrow." Bodies crippled by generations of want, early wrinkles, inflamed eyes. They stand side by side, but do not know one another; no one will confide his sorrow to his neighbor. Yet look, there is a stir, they clap their hands, they roar, they have become young again, just like in a fairy tale—a mighty surge of emotion has distended their pupils, clenched fingers into fists, turned old men into youths, changed this gloomy hall into a spring gale, as when the wind breaks the ice and brings promise of rain, armfuls of flowers, happiness. What has happened to these men? Just two short words: "Free Thaelmann!" In amazement death stops short at the door, where gleam the black helmets of the guards—there doesn't seem to be any room for her here, there are living men here and they are taking an oath to protect life.

Our grave and tender virtue is courage. I leave the hall, having gathered fresh energy to live. I had seen men who did not wish that Italian soldiers should die in Africa, who hailed whole-heartedly the black men in the distant land who are fighting for their freedom; who consider Rakoczi their kinsman, who watch with bated breath the fate of Thaelmann, who are able to forget their own sad lot, their needs for the sake of others, for the sake of their brothers, for the future.

This was the spirit in which Dimitrov spoke at Leipzig, when death challenged him. Thus spoke Matteotti when he was dragged, trussed up by the murderers, into the marshes. Thus spoke thousands of men, whose names I do not even know, who died to protect us, the living. "Long live the revolution," cried out Munichreiter as he lay dying, and the memory of this feeble and aging man gives me faith that we shall win. It was not on picnic grounds, nor in the company of friends; it was under the noose of the gibbet, eye to eye with death, that he scorned death, and once more as a friend, very simply, as one comrade to another, he greeted living life.

The gates of Negoreloye. I remember other gates—it happened twenty-seven years ago—when I was released from the Butyrsk jail. A mere youngster, I stood there at the gates not knowing what to do. It was a summer's day, four-wheelers drove by clattering, children yelled, and I remember, too, the sparrows, Moscow's street gamins, so amusing and disrespectful, forever quarreling right in the middle of the dusty road, among the patches of bright sun. I stood and smiled weakly; I was not quite sure of life. Today I want to grasp the hand of a full-grown Red Army man—to feel that the hand is warm, to stand on one spot and stamp my feet—this is real earth! Sometimes one awakes after a dreadful dream without at once realizing that the recent horrors were nothing but a nightmare—oh, to throw the window open, to feel the freshness of the morning air, to cry out aloud and listen to the sound of your own voice, to pick up some object, a box of matches or your watch which is no bigger than a large bug. One feels the need of sensing right through one's being that this is really true, that here courage has taken the form of labor—factories, fields, poetry—that here is one country where girls are not bought and sold, where poems are not burned, where there lives and grows, like the living waters of a child's fairy tale, like the breath of air in a mine, like the thaw in spring—the hope of the world, the Red Army.



"Who was the jackass who sold us this company-union idea, anyway? Now they're after more pay." *Thelma Kathan.*

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One of Many

LEN ZINBERG

PETE works with me. He comes from Puerto Rico, and he is dark skinned, rather tough looking. He has a nice smile, and he doesn't talk much. We are foot-press operators, unskilled workers. You sit at a press, insert whatever has to be stamped out or pressed, and you kick the foot pedal and the arm of the press comes crashing down with great force. The work is usually done on a piece-work basis and the speed-up is terrible. About two hours before the end of the day is when you feel it most; your back seems damn near breaking, your kicking foot is numb, and the hard chair feels as if it was eating its way up your behind. As I said, Pete is one of these silent babies and I was a little surprised when he said to me last Thursday, that was pay day: "What are you going to do with the money, go see girl?"

I said no and that maybe I might drink some beer and he said how about coming up to 109th Street where he knew a joint that had swell beer for a jit. We traveled all the way up without saying a word. It was just an ordinary store fitted out with a bar and a few tables and the beer was all right. But they sold some kind of rum for a dime that almost washed your teeth down as it went by. We had a rum and two beers and some dry, salty sardines and I felt like talking and I said: "Well, Pete, do you think Montanez will be the lightweight champ soon?"

"Sure thing if he get chance. He's from my country, Puerto Rico. Fine fighter." Then he went into the life history of Montanez and practically every other Spanish fighter of any importance. There's nothing like a Spanish fight fan. When Louis went against the veteran Uzcudun it was merely a question of whether Louis would knock out the old man or just beat him up. Yet up around 110th Street they backed Uzcudun to win, backed him hook, line and sinker. He suddenly stopped and asked: "You like boxing?"

"Sure."

"It's good sport. I boxed in Golden Gloves, 1931. Win four bouts. Here, look," and he showed me a cheap little medal they had given him.

"Where did you learn to box?"

"In the navy. Right after war."

"The American navy?" I asked, forgetting for the moment that Puerto Rico was part of the U. S.

"Sure, American navy. Was machinist in navy."

Now boxing is strictly a young man's sport and assuming that he was only eighteen at the time of the war, that made him over thirty when he went into the ring. And he had been a machinist too. A machinist is a highly skilled worker and I'm unskilled and that is why I go to a trade school three nights a week and try to get some mechanics drilled into my tired mind and body. "Left navy, get no place there," he suddenly added. "Got married. Got three kids now, two girls going to school and baby."

"And on sixteen bucks a week. That's tough going."

He shrugged his shoulders. "What can I do? One time make forty dollars a week. Been all kind of mechanic. There was a garage near my house in Puerto Rico. Hang out there all time when I kid. When I was eighteen I become mechanic in sugar mill. Later run locomotive. Run locomotive for three years. Then I come here, work in Ford factory, work in Packard factory, work in garage, work in machine shop. I know to run a milling machine, a lathe, and fix them too. I fixed engines on boats, on trains, on all kind cars, even fix airplane motor. Got tools home worth six hundred dollars." He stopped and ordered two more drinks of that dynamite they called rum. He put down twenty cents and I said: "No, let me pay for it." At least I didn't have any family to support on my sixteen per. He pushed my money away and said, "You're my guest."

He put the rum down, but I let mine stand. There was something I wanted to get straight in my head. The reason I sit, half asleep, at a trade school, is that I figure that in any cock-eyed country a skilled worker ought to be needed. Any guy can run a foot press. Not very fast at first, maybe, but after a week you pick up speed. But only a trained man can fix things and make things.

Dan Rico

Yet here was Pete, a better mechanic than I'll ever be, a healthy skilled worker, and he was punching a foot press, doing unskilled work, just like me. I thought that maybe this guy was a punk and taking me for a bull ride. Maybe the drink got him. So I said: "I like tools. Do you live far from here?"

"Naw, about two block. Want to see tools? No use them since last job, three months ago. Work in garage. Work eighteen hours a day for four dollars a day."

I said let's go and see them and I put down my rum and we went out. We walked a block and then we turned and walked another block and stopped before a tenement on Park Avenue; this is the upper part of Park Avenue, where trains go roaring by overhead and the "avenue" is filled with pushcarts. He smiled and said: "Live on Park Avenue. Rich street. Good joke, hey?"

We walked up two flights of narrow stairs and down a smelly dim hall and he unlocked a door and turned on the light. We were in the kitchen, one of those small kitchens that have a bathtub, an ugly gas stove, and a clumsy coal stove. The cracked walls were painted an odd shade of blue and a couple of cockroaches went speeding along the wall. A woman called out and Pete said something to her in Spanish and I could hear her coming toward us. She was a tall woman, worn and thin looking, although she looked to be about thirty. Two girls followed her and the woman smiled and said something in broken English after Pete introduced us. The girls giggled. They were big kids and nice looking and just beginning to develop breasts and behinds. We went into the next room and it was almost bare. There was a radio and a broken-down couch and two chairs, and the walls had big gaps in them where the plaster had come down. I sat down on a chair and the two girls sat down on the couch and the woman stood up and we just looked at each other.

Pete opened a closet and dragged out a tool box the size of a trunk. Jesus, but he had tools! No junk, but expensive stuff. All kinds of wrench sets, box wrenches, open end, S wrenches, socket wrenches, Stillsons, and every other kind out. There was a sweet little ignition set, and punches and drills and some beautiful looking screw drivers. There was a battery charger and some precision instruments that cost big money. You never saw such fine tools. He even had big stuff like an electric cylinder re-borer and a electric valve refacing outfit. He had tools all right, all of them looking used, but oiled and cleaned. He held up two pawn tickets and shook his head.

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In Memoriam: August 22, 1927

From a Letter

DEDHAM JAIL.

WHAT has been done for us by the people of the world, the laborers (I mean workers) and the greatest minds and hearts proves beyond any possible doubt that a new conception of justice is plowing its way in the soul of mankind; a justice that centered on man as man. For, as I have already said . . . they are doing for us what once could only have been done for saints and kings. This is real progress.

BARTOLOMEO VANZETTI.

They Are Dead Now

This isn't a poem

This is two men in grey prison clothes.
One man sits looking at the sick flesh of his hands—
hands that haven't worked for seven years.
Do you know how long a year is?
Do you know how many hours there are in a day
when a day is twenty-three hours on a cot in a cell,
in a cell in a row of cells in a tier of a row of cells
all empty with the choked emptiness of dreams?

Do you know the dreams of men in jail?
Sacco sits looking at the sick flesh of his hands—
hands that haven't worked for seven years
remembers hoeing beans at twilight in his garden
remembers the crisp rattle of the edger
remembers the mould of his wife's back
fuzziness of the heads of kids.
Dreams are memories that have grown sore and festered,
dreams are an everlasting rack to men in jail

Vanzetti writes every night from five to nine
fumbling clumsily wittily with the foreign words
building paper barricades of legal tags,
habeas corpus, writ of *certiorari,*
dead spells out of a forgotten language
taken from the mouths of automatons in black.

They are dead now
The black automatons have won,
They are burned up utterly
Their flesh has passed into the air of Massachusetts
their dreams have passed into the wind.

"They are dead now," the Governor's Secretary nudges the Governor,

"They are dead now," the Superior Court judge nudges the Superior Court judge,

"They are dead now," the College President nudges the College President,
A dry chuckling comes up from the dead:
The white collar dead; the silkhatted dead; the frockcoated dead
They hop in and out of automobiles
breathe deep in relief
as they walk up and down the Boston streets.

These two men were not afraid
to smell rottenness
in the air of Massachusetts
so they are dead now and burned
into the fierce wind from Massachusetts
Their breath has given the wind new speed.
Their fire has burned out of the wind the stale smell of Boston

Ten thousand towns have breathed them in
and stood up beside workbenches
dropped tools
flung plows out of the furrow
and shouted
into the fierce wind from Massachusetts
In that shout's hoarse throat
is the rumble of millions of men marching in order
is the roar of one song in a thousand lingoes.

The warden strapped these men into the electric chair
the executioner threw the switch
and set them free into the wind
they are free of dreams now
free of greasy prison denim
their voices blow back in a thousand lingoes singing one song
To burst the eardrums of Massachusetts.

Make a poem of that if you dare!

JOHN DOS PASSOS.

Justice Denied in Massachusetts

Let us then abandon our garden and go home
And sit in the sitting room,
Shall the larkspur or the corn grow under this cloud,
Sour to the fruitful seed
Is the cold earth under this cloud,
Fostering quack and weed, we have marched upon but cannot conquer;
We have bent the blades of our hoe against the stalks of them.
Let us go home and sit in the sitting room.
Nor in our day
Shall the cloud go over and the sun rise as before,
Beneficent upon us
Out of the glittering bay,
And the warm winds be blown inward from the sea,
Moving the blades of corn,
With a peaceful sound
Forlorn, forlorn,
Will stand the blue hay rack by the empty mow;
And the petals drop to the ground,
Leaving the tree unfruited,
The sun that warmed our stooping backs and withered the weed uprooted.

We shall not feel it again.
We shall all die in darkness and be buried in the rain.
What from the splendid dead
We have inherited
Furrows sweet to the grain, and the weed subdued
See now the slug and the mildew plunder.
Evil does overwhelm
The larkspur and the corn;
We have seen them flounder.

Let us sit still
Here in the sitting room until we die.
At the stop of Death on the walk rise and go,
Leaving to our children's children this beautiful doorway,
And this elm,
And a blighted earth to till
With a broken hoe.

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY.

The Condemned

Once you have killed these men, destroy their skin
And bone utterly and hide all vestiges
Of their existence. Let only nothingness
Remain of what your prisoners have been.
Permit their friends no grave to lay them in.
Erase their writings and their likenesses,
Forbid their names in all assemblages,
Cause them to be unmentionable sin.

For if anyone so much as named their name,
It would mean not them but you yourselves and shame,
And looking on their likeness he would see
Not them in prison cells but you and me——
And would find recorded on their graveyard stone
That the death we meant for them became your own.

WITTER BYNNER.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

How Spanish Intellectuals Reached the Masses

IT IS important to emphasize that isolated old philosophers like Unamuno and José Ortega y Gasset, who have decried the republic, do not represent the young Spanish intellectuals. These had organized themselves in a Committee for the Defense of Culture against War and Fascism and had carried on their battle in the intellectual center of Madrid, *El Ateneo*. But not only there. . . .

Rafael Alberti is the most beloved of Spanish revolutionary poets and his wife, Maria Teresa, is a noted radical writer. Though neither is of proletarian origin, they have devoted themselves to the cause of the republic and the working class. The following description of their propaganda in a tiny Spanish village will illustrate the role played by these intellectuals in organizing the peasant masses before the fascist outbreak.

Every Sunday morning they held a meeting in one of the villages in Cuenca province, where the Right had won a victory in the February elections. On June 28 they asked me to come along with them to Cervera del Llana, a village of 1200 inhabitants situated on the road to Valencia.

The landscape presented a fast-changing variety of sheep pastures, barrens, wheat fields, meadows red with poppies, vineyards and olive trees, and finally chains of rocky hills. Wherever men were to be seen they greeted us with an upraised arm and a clenched fist. The salute of the revolution had become the conventional form of greeting in this countryside since the elections.

The village is an agglomeration of white huts, centuries old, surrounded by wheat fields. It has a church, a "casino," and a police station. In the square the men were already waiting for us, and we were shown into the mayor's house. This hardy peasant, with penetrating eyes and a strong square chin, gave us a warm welcome. Children flocked about our automobile. From all directions men moved towards the mayor's house to see the strangers. Women stood in the doorways. Some fifteen or twenty men crowded into the mayor's two tiny rooms. We were received with *"Salud!"* and handshakes on all sides. The men were clean-shaven for Sunday, and acted in a familiar and easy manner.

Since this was a Socialist municipality the meeting had a semi-official character. The differences between the Right and the Left Socialists, the Communists, and the Anarchists, which were troubling the party leaders in the Cortes, in no way concerned these people. They were for the revolution.

A tall fellow with a protruding Adam's apple had buttonholed Alberti and was dilating on the horrors of the oppression during the October days of 1934. "They applied the *ley de fuga* to two hundred workers in Barcelona. We ought to do the same to them now." A bright friendly smile alternated with expressions of deep hatred.

Near Maria Teresa a little woman in a black skirt held a flag. She was the mayor's councilor, now rejoicing in a new post of honor.

"What are you waiting for? It's time we began," bellowed a husky, middle-aged man in the doorway. Immediately a procession formed; it moved slowly down the main street, Maria Teresa and Alberti walking between revolutionary emblems. A crowd of men and children followed behind us. The women remained in the doorways.

The village teacher, a niece of the priest, would not let the revolutionary orators use the balcony of the school, but they soon found another house on the square. Some four hundred men were gathered below, striking peasant types such as one can find nowhere else in the world except, perhaps, in Mexico and Russia. Young boys held roses between their teeth and munched on the stems. The faces of the youths were browned by the sun, those of the old men were cracked with wrinkles. Black berets covered their heads. Here and there a young blade sported a necktie on which a hammer and sickle was embroidered.

A few feet behind the man, near a tree, stood a row of women. "Like the chorus in a tragedy of Æschylus," remarked Maria Teresa. As if in a stone frieze, these noble Castilian figures were motionless. One held a child in her arms, suckling at her open breast. Still further back, at the other end of the square, a more timid group were leaning against a white plaster wall. These women, still under the influence of the village priest, remained in their traditional place. Even the men-folk of these peasant women probably had gone to mass earlier in the morning, but that made little difference in their political action.

A truck laden with sacks of grain was passing through the square and the driver stopped to listen. On the rim of the crowd there were a few men in rather elegant black clothes. Was one of them the *cacique*, the bane of the peasant's existence, who is at once the landowner, the money-lender, and the political boss?

A local man opened the meeting, the first revolutionary demonstration ever held in Cervera, announcing to the audience below that friends had come to bring them greetings from the workers of Madrid. Maria Teresa was first. She was hailed with cries of *"Salud!"* Women have always had tremendous success at these village gatherings, hence the Communist Party is calling upon them ever more frequently. Dressed in a simple skirt and blouse she leaned over the little balcony and immediately won them with the warmth of her voice. She was to them a woman from another world, yet the words that she spoke were simple and familiar.

"We come to you with the greetings of the workers of Madrid. We know the conditions you live in and the circumstances under which you work. We know that you are subject to the oppression of the *cacique*, the landowner, and the aristocrat. Does it have to be so? I want to tell you how the peasants live in Russia and we can compare the way they live with the way you are now living. I know what bourgeois newspaper writers are telling you about Russia. They say that in Russia there is starvation. They say that in Russia there is no family life. They tell you that the peasants have been robbed of their land. But I, I come to tell you that all this is a lie which the bourgeois press is spreading in order to keep you in your present state. They did not destroy the family in Russia when they provided for the health of the children. The condition of women has been improved, not by lowering them in the eyes of men, but rather by showing an ever greater respect towards them. Women work along with their husbands, earn a good living along with them, and live happily with their children. The communist system has provided for schools. It brings theaters and the cinema and libraries to all the people. It has fought against disease, against typhoid, which every year robs you of children. Russia has not abolished property. No, it has only abolished property which is used for exploitation. It has given the peasants new machines to make their labor easier. This is what communism has done in Russia and this is what it can do for you. Therefore, whenever you hear of striking workers, support them, because the workers in the city and the peasants in the country form one unit, one group, one class. Both belong to the proletariat, a class which will soon come to power and will bring a better life to all of us. Long live the revolution of the workers and peasants! Long live the Popular Front!"

As she went on her voice became ever more resonant till it filled the village square. Her conclusion brought a cry of *"Salud!"* and clenched fists were raised.

After her came Alberti, broad-shouldered, solid, dressed in a leather jacket. In powerful tones he read from his poems. The first was about Badajoz, where the peasants had taken the land in a spontaneous rising. The

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second, in honor of the miners of the Asturias, whose heroic resistance in October 1934 has become the symbol of the revolution. Then finally he drew peals of laughter from his audience with a satire on the papist reactionary, Gil Robles.

The secretary of the Red Defense Committee appeared as the last speaker of this little meeting. He was born in the town and still had an old grandmother living there. He knew their local dialect, and without oratorical flourishes, in a simple conversational tone, he explained the political situation. He emphasized that Cuenca was one of the provinces won by the Right through careful spreading of lies. The revolution was not yet achieved. They had to be alert against the old reactionaries who would try to rehabilitate themselves by posing as Republicans. All workers and peasants were now uniting into one party in order to combat these fascists and to seek out their arsenals of arms. . . . "And now," he concluded, "show an example of proletarian discipline. Go quietly to your homes. Go!"

Salud! Salud! Salud!

As Maria Teresa and Alberti moved through the crowd, men and children closed in upon them. A few women were bold enough to greet them.

Then we went visiting. In one house the peasant brought out beer, in another, wine. All begged us to stay. Chairs and a little table were the only furnishings in the single large rooms of these huts. On the bare walls there was sometimes a religious picture. Everywhere we went, a group of the more militant followed us. They talked about local affairs, about their struggle against the Rightists. Only the day before, when they were working on the road, their employers offered them no more than three pesetas a day, about 40 cents. They demanded five. The employers called the Civil Guards. Coming to the support of his citizens, the mayor ordered the guards to withdraw. He said the dispute was in his district, a local affair. The workers spoke plainly to the Civil Guards: "We are here about a hundred in number. Either you'll have to kill all of us or you'd better go." And the Civil Guards retired. These Castilian peasants are no simpletons. They have all the pride, courage, and intelligence of their race.

Sometimes their proposals for action were violent, abounding in untranslatable curses. "If only we had guns! The fascists have all the arms and we have nothing! The monasteries ought to be emptied and the graves ought to be filled up!"

One of the women embraced Maria Teresa. "Shouldn't we burn the church and leave the priest inside?" She was told that when the time comes the priest will be led out of the church and put to some useful labor while the building will hold assemblies of the people. The eager women were informed that they could go on believing in God, but they did not have to believe in the priest. "God wants you to be happy and prosperous, but the priest, he wants you to be wretched."

The peasants gave details of the maneuvers of the Right during the election. Men were told that a victory for the People's Front would mean the pillaging of their homes and violation of their women. In a neighboring town the reactionaries tried to dupe the voters by putting forth their candidacy as Left Republicans. Canny peasant Socialists beat them at their own game in the municipal elections. With a far greater majority behind them, the revolutionaries elected one of their own number who also ran under the Left Republican banner. The militant fellow with the protruding Adam's apple complained bitterly of the fact that the Rightists had control of the mails with the result that workers who wrote letters to the Communist daily in Madrid, *Mundo Obrero*, never received any answer.

When he finally broke away, we were invited to the mayor's house and were served two tremendous stews, a salad, and fruit. This peasant knew his job. If he needed to call a morning assembly of his citizens he made sure that they would all come by ordering the priest to omit mass.

Before we left, the crowd again surrounded Maria Teresa and Alberti and would not let them go. A peasant on a donkey cried out to Maria Teresa: "You keep right on being Red. You spoke like a real woman after my own heart!" An insistent fellow won an autographed copy of Alberti's poems. Just as we were about to go, one of the women blurted out a parting summary of the situation in the village. "Some people say that they, the rich ones, are good and we, the poor ones, are bad. I say that we are good and they are bad. And the women, they're bitches."

After rounds and rounds of handshakes we left Cervera for a tour through the magnificent mountainous country about Cuenca, the ancient capital of the province. At night we found an inn not far from the cathedral of Cuenca. Near an open hearth a forlorn priest was eating his supper. His day is past.

The peasantry has new leaders and the ideas which are now being implanted among them will not be eradicated, whatever the political changes of the next few months in Madrid may be. The support which the peasants of this district are lending to the People's Front in its struggle with the fascist army is the immediate reward of the intellectuals of Madrid who went into the provinces to save them for the republic.

ROGER ABBOTT.

More "Men of Good Will"

THE EARTH TREMBLES, by Jules Romains. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

ACTIONS sometimes speak louder than books. Jules Romains is a case in point. His *Men of Good Will* series, Vols. IX and X of which are represented in *The Earth Trembles,* has given a number of Left and liberal reviewers, up until about nine months ago, cause for viewing with alarm. Certain critics thought they could discern distinct fascist tendencies in the series. Romains himself, through his American publishers, was quick to deny this. His answer in substance was: Wait; wait, and you will see that I am not fascist.

And then, last November, when the question of Italian sanctions came up, with French intellectuals divided into two deadly opposing camps, Jules Romains stepped forward and put his name on the top line of an anti-fascist manifesto. By so doing, he courted the threats of assassination which those "intellectuals" who were in reality Mussolini's lickspittle spokesmen, were making on all sides, against any who dared "interfere with the designs of young Italy." But Romains did more than this. On the eve of Armistice Day, that festival which has come to be the professional patriot's glorification of machine-made death, the author of *Men of Good Will* got up and delivered a ringing tribute to Henri Barbusse, which was at the same time as effective an assault as ever was made on the war-mongers.

This should dispose of the question of Romains's "fascism."

As to what he is doing, or failing to do, in his ambitious novelistic series, which purports to be the picture of a society, that is something else. The author is rapidly nearing the period which will inevitably be the test of his work; for the crucial epoch in that society which he has undertaken to depict is the years 1912-14—from the Socialist Congress of Basle, let us say, to the flaring of the bloody world conflagration in August 1914. Romains is now all but into that era, being as far down as 1910-11.

Or, perhaps, one really should say that he is in it, if we extend the far-side bounds of the period of immediate incubation to include the French general strike of 1910, which turned out not to be a general strike, the workers, through lack of leadership or lack of due and effective preparation, having laid down their arms just as the victory was already in their hands. When a panic-stricken government, in sheer desperation, finally uttered the witching word, "mobilization"—mobilization for the "public safety"—the railway workers, who held the key to the situation, abandoned their "folded arms" policy and went back to work; the trains started running, and the strike was over. And that bourgeoisie which was already plotting the slaughter of millions for the profits of the few was free to go on with its political *"cabotinage,"* or tragic ham-acting.

Inasmuch as Romains has set out to do a "portrait of a society," one would naturally expect that, when he comes to deal with the 1910 period, he would give the abortive gen-

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eral strike a place somewhere near the center of the picture. He does, it is true, open with the strike; but he accords it, in all, four pages! Those pages are not creative; they are not woven into the narrative; they do not even serve to strike the actual key of the work, although the author doubtless means them to do so.

By way of contrast, one cannot help recalling what Louis Aragon does with the Parisian chauffeurs' strike of the year following, 1911, in his *Bells of Basle,* which the reader will soon have an opportunity of judging for himself in English. In the latter book we see what can be done in creatively centering a great and important social struggle, and so, conferring significance upon the whole.

One of the chief criticisms, indeed, that is to be made against Romains's work as a whole is that the stress on values is not distributed in a satisfyingly balanced fashion. Another is the reader's utter failure in the end to sense that inevitability of action and characterization which goes to the making of great fiction. One does not have, in other words, a feeling of organic growth. It is as if the author had brushed up on his history and had said to himself: "Now, so-and-so are the outstanding events of such-and-such a year. I will take these events, these elements, weave them into and through my story, and thus produce a picture of a society." The result is, it simply doesn't come off—not as a "social portrait," and consequently, since that is what the author has undertaken, not as a work of art.

Some people are inclined to regard Romains's series as an example of the collective novel. Personally, this reviewer cannot see it as such. It is the social type, which is not the same thing. The collective novel is an essentially new form, going with the consciousness of constructive socialism in the achieved workers' state or with the proletarian-revolutionary consciousness in a crumbling bourgeois society. It exists as yet more in theory than in reality; the actual samples of it are few and far between. Curiously enough, the best speciments have come from Brazil, from the pens of such revolutionary writers as Jorge Amado and Erico Verissimo. Amado, for instance, takes an unspeakable tenement in the port town of Bahia and writes a novel in which the tenement itself is really the protagonist, with all the individual lives in it woven into and out of one pattern. That is the collective novel. Romains's is something different.

The truth is, one feels that Romains is more at home when writing of the sexual relations of men and women. He does that extremely well, with the French deftness and grace carried to about as high a point as it could be. And you somehow have the impression that he is always a bit impatient to get back to the sexual theme, that he is merely marking time with political and social events until he can return to the other subject. In this respect, he is a first-rate French novelist after a rather demoded model; but that hardly makes him a great social novelist.

In *The Earth Trembles* we find much of pre-War European diplomacy, munitions makers, etc., but it all sounds, remotely, like a rewrite from the "morgue." On the other hand, when it comes to portraying the affair of a Left-wing politician with a Creole dancer, the story picks up; there is a real zest behind it.

SAMUEL PUTNAM.

From Parnell to Connolly

PARNELL'S FAITHFUL FEW, by Margaret Leamy. Macmillan. $2.50.
EASTER WEEK, by Brian O'Neill. International Publishers. $.60.

THE Belfast incident of a few weeks ago, when a crowd of Ulstermen burned a portrait of King Edward VIII ("Down with the Fenian King!"), underscores the significance for Marxist readers of these two little books. According to press reports, Edward's portrait was burned because a British united-front publication suggested that he might use his prestige among the Protestant overlords of Ulster to heal the prejudices which fix Catholic South and Protestant North in attitudes of hatred as rigid as epileptic seizures.

Even non-Marxist observers have long been aware that the complex of hatreds which divides Ireland has been cunningly fostered to conceal the age-long suppression of the peasants' struggle for their land, and in more recent times of a parallel struggle on the part of the industrial workers. As the trance-like postures of religious, racial, nationalist, and cultural hatred harden, the fundamental struggle of workers against absentee and native oppressors takes form more clearly.

Mrs. Leamy's slight, sentimental reminiscence belongs in a review beside Brian O'Neill's graphic outline of Easter Week only because, though unwittingly, it helps illustrate the slow essential movement of the Irish struggle into its true arena: that of social ownership.

Parnell, inevitably, was more a victim of romantic nationalism than of his romantic passion for Kitty O'Shea. Following his class instincts, he proposed to heal Ireland's woes by shifting the center of ruling class hegemony from the Thames to the banks of the Liffey.

Parnell, inevitably, was more a victim of workers as "a most important wing of the future National Army." Consequently he could not have given them any better gift than a knowledge of where their enemies were to be found. That he did in his dreary last year, when the Irish workers' associations, which, as Mrs. Leamy records, time and again pledged their support to Parnell, saw the Irish priesthood and the British landlord class lock their hands to break him.

Between Parnell's time and Easter, 1916, the Irish struggle passed from the parliamentary to a revolutionary stage. In the rising, as Mr. O'Neill's book makes clear, the Dublin industrial toilers first emerged as a revolutionary force. Without attempting a formal history of that event, the Irish Communist author gives an admirable survey of the heroic role played by the Citizens' Army—a workers' army born out of the great Dublin transport union strike of 1913, which forged a militant unity during the next three years and formed the nucleus of the rebellion.

The nationalist elements saw the rising almost entirely as a consummation of Ireland's traditional role. Mr. O'Neill makes clear how James Connolly, leader of the Citizens' Army (who, "alone among Irish labor leaders, could be called a Marxist") saw its significance in terms of the workers and their future. He saw it as "the torch to a European conflagration that will not burn out until the last throne and the last capitalist bond and debenture are shrivelled on the funeral pyre of the last warlord."

What success the Easter rising ultimately had, betrayed the workers in so far as it merely bound them over to a home-grown set of exploiters. But today, and partly as a result of that rising, there is a Communist Party in Ireland, and a growing industrial proletariat which has both a militant tradition and a taste for victory. It is learning, as Easter Week attests, that the struggle for the land, the struggle for the factories, and the struggle for self-determination are all one thing, and that a truly united island will never come as a gift from royalty, that symbol of British capitalism's strategy of "divide and rule," but from the union of all workers who have a common destiny, from Belfast to Innishbeg.

MAURICE ENGLISH.

This Final Crisis

THIS FINAL CRISIS, by Allen Hutt. International Publishers. $2.

THE author of *The Condition of the Working Class in Britain* has made another valuable contribution to the analysis of the English political situation from a Marxist point of view. The word "crisis" he uses in a special sense to signify the turning point of a historical epoch; English capitalism is shown to have suffered three major crises in the last century—that of the Hungry Forties, that of the Eighties, and the present—the final crisis.

Hutt's account of the first crisis is a lively piece of historical research, free from the pedantry of the bourgeois historian. His detailed knowledge of the age of Chartism and especially of the working-class literature which flourished in England in the Thirties and Forties stands him in good stead. Particularly fascinating are the extracts from

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early English working-class writers who have, unfortunately, been uniformly neglected by almost all modern revolutionary writers both in England and in the United States. It is not unfair to suggest that comparisons of modern agitational literature with that of, say, the pioneer unionists and Chartists do no credit to the former. It is to be hoped that Hutt will return at greater length to this period, when "the first born sons of modern industry" organized the first political movement of the working class, the Chartist movement.

How British capitalism solved the crisis of the Forties is lucidly described. Both the objective and subjective conditions were in favor of the ruling class. On the one hand the Chartist movement, though reaching a high degree of class-consciousness and using correct methods of struggle—arrived at, as if by instinct, by the masses—was decapitated by the complete absence of theoretical clarity among its leaders, many of whom sought characteristically petty-bourgeois panaceas. On the other hand, British capitalism was in a peculiarly privileged position; it had a natural monopoly of the world market and was still the workshop of the world, so that it could well afford to make concessions (extorted, it is true, by organized pressure) to certain strata of the working class. Yet the solution of this crisis inevitably involved the deeper crisis of the Eighties. Rival capitalist powers were maturing to compete with England for the world market. The Golden Age of British capitalism came to an end with the stagnation which persisted through the late Seventies and Eighties, when the early "Victorian" complacency of a Macaulay or a Cobden was replaced by the late "Victorian" heartburning of Royal Commissions on the Depression of Trade and of Booth's monumental *Survey of London Life and Labor* which established what Marx had clearly predicted—that the richest city in the world was also the poorest.

For the British capitalist class, the crisis of the Eighties left only one way out, the way of imperialism. British capitalism had to expand or go under, there was no other alternative. And the only direction in which it could expand was in the opening up of new markets, not, as in the period of British domination of the world markets, on the basis of free trade, but on the basis of semi-monopolistic privilege.

Of great contemporary interest is Hutt's chapter on the rebirth of socialism in the Eighties, with its evaluation of the different socialist sects and cliques. The dangers of sectarianism, of orthodoxy in words confined to a few pious individuals, of the divorce of the political movement from the trade-union movement for the sake of theoretical purism, are all illustrated so vividly that the lesson cannot fail to sink home. The opponents of the United Front among the militant Socialists in this country would do well to read this chapter with special care and concentration. The tragedy of the failure of such "Marxist" groups as the Social Democratic Federation was all the greater because the way was left open for the triumph of Fabianism, the ideology which was to permeate the Second International. It is one of the ironies of history that the Webbs are beginning to lose faith in the ideology which they founded fifty years ago, while it still imprisons the leaders of the British Labor Party. Engels was unsparingly critical of the Fabian theorists: "Fear of the revolution is their guiding principle" (p. 96). The triumph of the Fabian ideology was but the reflection of the dilution of the British Labor movement with strata of the petty bourgeoisie and the intelligentsia in the era of imperialism.

Just as the solution of the crisis of the Forties necessarily involved the crisis of the Eighties, so the imperialist solution necessarily involved the Great War and the subsequent chronic crisis of British capitalism. Competition for foreign markets became ever more intense, making concessions to favored layers of the proletariat from the superprofits of monopoly capitalism ever more difficult. It is a nice question to decide which was the more explosive in the decade preceding the war—the situation at home with the wave of strikes reaching a peak in 1912-13 and the threat of counter-revolution on Home Rule, or the situation abroad with one European crisis after another.

Yet the pre-war era is looked back upon in England with nostalgia as an era of comparative peace and inertia. The choice for capitalism becomes narrower and narrower, the tempo of decline more and more rapid. So great is the crisis of British capitalism that it is doubtful whether the volume of production of 1913 has ever been exceeded since the end of the War. The "prosperity" of 1933 onwards is based on chronic unemployment, rationalization, and restriction of output—except in armaments and building—on increasingly brutal colonial oppression, on immediate preparation for war. Which road will British capitalism take in the 1930's? On any test, Great Britain is a sated imperialist power—that way lies no more expansion. But, as Hutt well concludes, if only to maintain itself it must pursue policies leading to fascism and war, unless it is overthrown. We have seen that the forces on the side of the working class failed in the Forties and Eighties because of political immaturity and sectarianism. Now, the subjective conditions are at least more favorable than they were then; the pressure from below for the affiliation of the Communist Party to the Labor Party is one of the most hopeful factors in a situation where the fate of Europe depends to a great extent upon the road which the British working class will travel.

JOHN DARRELL.

Fifty-five Men

FIFTY-FIVE MEN, by Fred Rodell. The Telegraph Press. $2.50.

THIS is a debunking book, an attempt to debunk the fifty-five framers and their handiwork, the United States Constitution. As such, it is to be welcomed; and has been welcomed by some intelligent men, according to the publisher's blurb. Bearing in mind that most of our institutions of "learning," including the highest, treat the subject from the point of view of Mr. Gladstone's famous dictum that the United States Constitution is "the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and the purpose of man," it is not to be wondered at that liberals are inclined to magnify the merits and to overlook the demerits of our debunking literature. This has given rise to what may be called the Gustavus Myers-Charles A. Beard school of American constitutional history, the main thesis of which is that the framing and adoption of the United States Constitution was a reactionary plot put over by crafty men on an unsuspecting people. As history, this view is on a par with Mr. Gladstone's; and I am inclined to believe that, current liberal opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, there is little choice between them from a political point of view. It is true that reactionaries still hold out the Constitution as a shield to their special interests, and profess to be interested in its sanctity. Upon close examination, however, it will be found that it is not the Constitution that they are interested in but the Supreme Court. They would not at all mind a dimming of the aureole surrounding the Constitution, provided they could keep the power of the Supreme Court undiminished. And it is unfortunately a necessary corollary of the debunking thesis of the Myers-Beard School that it gives apparent historical sanction to the contention of the conservatives that every reactionary decision made by the Supreme Court is warranted both by the intentions of the framers and by the contents of the Constitution. This must divert the wrath of the people from the Supreme Court, which deserves it and which could be dealt with adequately by an aroused people, to the Constitution which does not deserve it and is practically beyond the reach of the people.

The book under consideration is a good example in point. The contents of this rather short treatise is this: Fifty-five reactionaries who "knew what they wanted," with whom democracy was "in disgrace," plotted in secret conclave to establish a government beyond the control of the people, under a Constitution whose principal and only purpose would be the protection of property rights—and by hook or crook they succeeded. The prime movers among these fifty-five were the representatives of the commercial interests, who needed tariff laws and protection for

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the rights of contract. So they put these things into the Constitution, and then provided the new government with a Supreme Court which could declare unconstitutional all laws, whether state or federal, contrary to these rights or to rights of property generally.

That the Constitution was framed on the "morrow after," and not on the day of the Revolution, is common knowledge. That the commercial interests were among the principal supporters of the Constitution is likewise common knowledge. That all of the Framers, whether representing the commercial North or the agrarian South, were men of property, and that they were very much concerned about property, is beyond dispute; and it is equally undisputed that they were not out to establish a direct democracy after the pattern of a New England town meeting. But it is not true that the commercial interests behind the movement for the new Constitution were after tariff laws. The states had the right to pass tariff laws, and there were state tariff laws a-plenty. In fact, too many to suit the commercial interests—and one of the principal purposes of the Constitution was to abolish these tariff laws, for the commercial interests needed a large free-trade area in which to carry on their commerce. It is equally untrue that there is anything in the Constitution as it came from the "fifty-five men" which put any kind of property or the rights of contract beyond the reach of the people, or that the framers had set up a Supreme Court as a check upon the power of Congress. And whoever affirms these things exhibits not only a woeful lack of historic knowledge but also extreme ignorance of the juristic principles involved—unless, indeed, he is engaged in a deliberate attempt to put something over, knowing better. It is significant, in this connection, that the notorious James M. Beck has written a book on the Constitution in which he says the very same things—although, naturally, *"mit ein Bischen andern Worten."* Of course, Mr. Beck's book was not intended as a textbook for use in schools, but it was distributed free, in 1924, to the members of the American Bar Association, including a sprinkling of federal and state judges, gathered in three ships en route to England to visit the British Bar Association—i.e., where it would do most good.

It is impossible, in the course of a brief review, to enter upon a full exposé of all of the misstatements of fact, unwarranted assumptions, false conclusions, and logical contradictions contained in this book. One example must suffice: According to Mr. Rodell the only Democrat in the Constitutional Convention was James Wilson of Pennsylvania, afterwards an Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court; while James Madison "had been pulling hard for the judicial veto from the very beginning." James Wilson, says Mr. Rodell, was the only one who did not exalt property rights above all other rights. But according to Mr. Gustavus Myers, James Wilson was the Machiavelli, if not the Devil Incarnate, of the Convention, for he was the author of the only clause protecting contractual rights, contained in the Constitution—the clause against the "impairment of the obligation of contracts." That clause is the only one in the Constitution which deals with contracts, and is not a restriction upon the powers of the federal government, but upon the powers of the states. Such as it is, however, it is James Wilson's handiwork.

The excuse for saying that Madison was the principal "puller" for the judicial veto is a proposal persistently pressed upon the Convention by Madison for a Council of Revision, of which some judges should be a part, which would have substantially the same power as the President's present veto power. All historians agree that this proposal did not indicate a desire to put the judicial power into the Constitution. And a moment's consideration will show that it would have had a contrary effect, for the veto of the Council of Revision could be overridden by a two-thirds majority of Congress, just as the Presidential veto may now be overridden. All doubt on the subject is removed by Madison's own explicit statement on the subject made shortly after the close of the Constitutional Convention, reading as follows:

> In the state constitutions and indeed in the federal one also, *no provision is made* for the case of a disagreement in expounding them [the laws], and as the courts are generally the last making the decision, it results to them, by refusing or not refusing to execute a law, to stamp it with its final character. This makes the Judiciary Department paramount in fact to the Legislature, *which was never intended and can never be proper.*

This instance is typical. The entire book is a most ignorant compilation of isolated statements rendered meaningless by being torn from their context and frequently given by our author a contrary meaning from that intended by putting them in the wrong context.

LOUIS B. BOUDIN.

Brief Reviews

T. H. HUXLEY'S DIARY OF THE VOYAGE OF H. M. S. RATTLESNAKE, edited by Julian Huxley, Doubleday, Doran, $3.00. A passage in Huxley's autobiography summarizes the great purposes to which his life was devoted: "To the popularization of science; to the development and organization of scientific education; to the endless series of battles and skirmishes over evolution; and to untiring opposition to that ecclesiastical spirit, which in England, as everywhere else, and to whatever denomination it may belong, is the deadly enemy of science." It is his distinction that he carried this fight to the working men of England, whom he

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HERE are some of those active in the labor and consumer movement who are officers, directors or sponsors of Consumers Union: Heywood Broun, Julius Hochman, Francis Gorman, Frank Palmer, John Brophy, Rose Schneiderman, Sam Baron, Arthur Kallet, co-author of "100,000,000 Guinea Pigs." Vito Marcantonio.

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recognized as the natural allies and beneficiaries of his ideas. Thomas Henry Huxley, like Ruskin, Morris, and Mill, provides a striking illustration of the growing alliance, in nineteenth-century England, between the intellectuals and the workers.

This diary is edited from a hitherto unpublished manuscript. It records the voyage of the *Rattlesnake*, between 1846-50. Huxley was twenty-one when he received his appointment as assistant surgeon and naturalist aboard this ship, which was making a surveying cruise off the east coast of Australia. It was this trip, as his grandson points out, which opened his eyes to the variety of the physical world and introduced him to primitive man. "And last but far from least, it introduced him to Henrietta Heathorn, his future wife." The diary, which anticipates the brilliant prose of the lectures, gives a remarkably interesting picture of a then barely known world as well as a valuable insight into Huxley's character. It is recommended as a first-rate travel book which is written, as travel books should be, not by a sentimentalist but by a scientist who combined painstaking observation with the enthusiasm of a twenty-one-year-old man on his first trip around the world.

WALTER RALSTON.

GREATER NEED BELOW, by O'Wendell Shaw. First offering of the Bi-Monthly Negro Book Club, Columbus, Ohio. $1.25. A very great deal of the material in this novel should have been written about many years ago. Although many of the episodes and characterizations are only incidental, the theme is new. *Greater Need Below* deals with the experiences of a faculty community in a Southern Negro college. This school, Avon, is typical, with possibly one exception—the financial conditions here are very much better than in most.

Ellen Vance and Dewalt Brooks, Northern born and graduates of Northern universities, go South to teach. They receive the experiences and shocks of their lives. And that is what gives the novel its sociological value. It tells an uninitiated reader-audience just what faces Northern-trained Negroes who go South to teach. Mr. Shaw limns with precision the lackey, hat-in-hand principal and his stooges, and the bestial hatred and callous disdain evinced by the Southern ruling class toward a Negro college community. He writes convincingly of the sectional prejudice displayed by the Negroes themselves, the dominant but easily-awakened rebelliousness of the student body, the real facts behind the Negro State schools, the disgustingly filthy attitude of white men toward Negro women and the many other peculiarities of Southern life.

Not much can be said for the literary and artistic value of this book, nor for the social novel it aspires to be. In too many instances there is distinctly bad writing. Triteness, excessive detail, pleonasms, clichés, and grammatical errors abound. Neither are the characters very convincingly drawn.

Mr. Shaw's insight into the class relations of our barbarous South are usually fairly keen. But this insight is in danger of becoming channeled into race hatred. Hatred is a thing very easily felt by an oppressed people. When it leads to extreme nationalism, it becomes vitiated. Mr. Shaw envisions "Practical Negro Education" for Negroes alone, a kind of autarchical education, and conjures a fairy tale (Ellen's mother acquires millions in a few years through the manufacture of hair preparations) in order to slip this in. This ignores the stern facts of reality and forgets the submerged position of the Negro in American economic and social life. Mr. Shaw is convinced that there is a greater need below, and since he has in mind the South we agree with him. There is such a need but it can be satisfied only when Negro and white workers stand shoulder to shoulder. As a young Negro student put it in a recent number of *Opportunity:* "There are thousands of Negroes like me who are voicing their dissatisfaction until at last we will focus a unity of protest in a strong hoarse sob."

E. CLAY.

Between Ourselves

OUR disclosures of the growingly brazen activities of American anti-Semites will continue next week with the inside story of the conference which wound up at Asheville, N. C., the other day. At this ostensible love-feast of Jew- and Red-baiting, the thieves fell out.

In the meantime, readers are urged to write to the President, to Senator LaFollette, and to their own congressmen and senators, urging immediate action to halt the pogrom-makers and to force Superintendent of Police Brown to act.

An old favorite of NEW MASSES readers will reappear in these pages next week when we print a story on the Southwest from Mike Gold, who is now in New Mexico.

Nowhere has the civil war in Spain raged more violently than in Barcelona. As we go to press on this issue we receive word that we will be able to publish in the coming issue an eyewitness account of the Barcelona fighting from that rising young left-wing poet, Muriel Rukeyser.

Hugo Gellert's lithograph and the accompanying text are from *Æsop Said So,* a book of modern fables by the well-known revolutionary artist which will be published soon by Covici, Friede.

Louis B. Boudin is regarded as one of America's foremost constitutional lawyers.

In connection with the page "In Memoriam: August 22, 1927," the excerpt from Vanzetti's letter was taken from *The Letters of Sacco and Vanzetti,* copyrighted 1928 by Viking Press. Edna St. Vincent Millay's poem is from the volume *The Buck in the Snow and Other Poems,* copyrighted 1928 by Edna St. Vincent Millay. "They Are Dead Now" is copyrighted by John Dos Passos, and "The Condemned" is copyrighted by Witter Bynner. These verses on the death of Sacco and Vanzetti were among those collected by Lucia Trent and Ralph Cheney and published in a volume called *America Arraigned* by Dean & Co.

As this issue of the NEW MASSES was about to go to press, word was received from Cuba that Cesar Vilar and Lazaro Pena, labor leaders whom John L. Spivak refers to as being in prison, have been set free in accordance with the recently adopted amnesty law. The repeated protests of the American Federation of Labor as well as those of liberals in this country are credited with having influenced the Cuban government to release Vilar and Pena.

Maxwell Bodenheim has called our attention to a typographical error in his poem, "Renunciation," published in our issue of August 11. In the last line of the next-to-the-last stanza, the word "dreams" should have been "dreaming," and the period at the end of the line should have been a comma.

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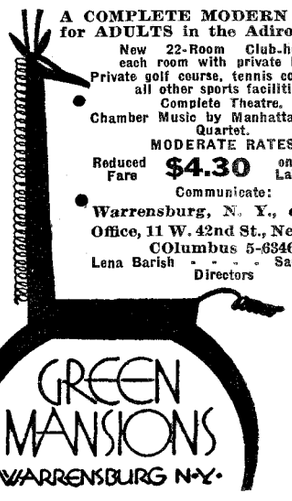

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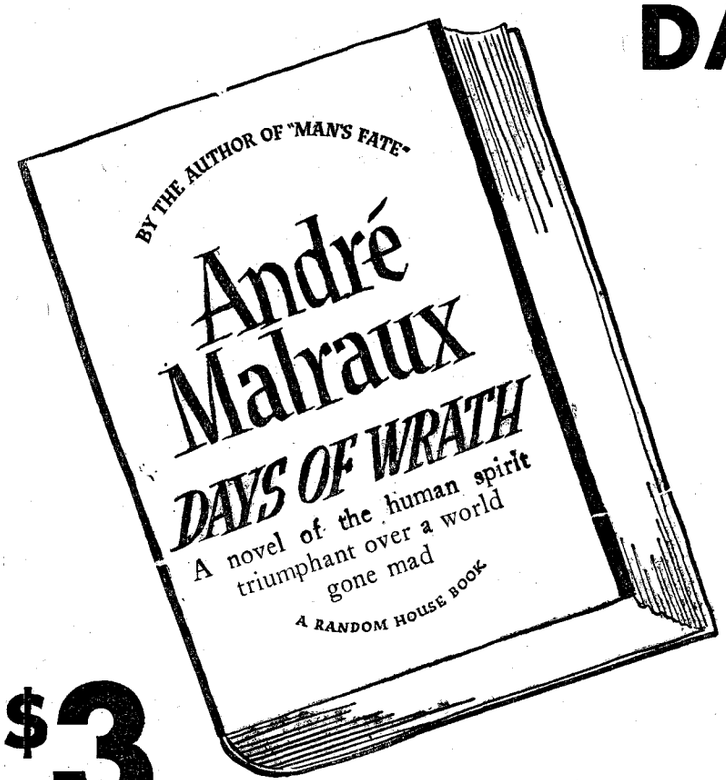
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Was in Germany, helping in the fight to free Dimitrov—

Is Coming to America, on a speaking tour this fall. He is more than a great revolutionary writer. He is a working revolutionist.

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